A STORY AND GENEALOGICAL HISTORY

OF THE

GFORGE—EGGLESTON—PECK—BRODHEAD—STORMS FAMILIES

BY JOHN DEAN GEORGE SR., M.D.

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A HISTORY OF THE GEORGE FAMILY

by

JOHN DEAN GEORGE, SR., M. D.

A STORY AND GENEALOGICAL HISTORY

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GEORGE – EGGLESTON – PECK – BRODHEAD – STORMS FAMILIES

AS WRITTEN BY JOHN DEAN GEORGE SR., M.D.

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FOREWORD

This is really the history of five families that are the ancestors of the present George family in this year 1955.

They are the George, Eggleston, Peck, Brodhead, and Storms families.

Each family is traced back many generations, two hundred and more years, and photostatic and authentic evidence is given for every salient feature of this story.

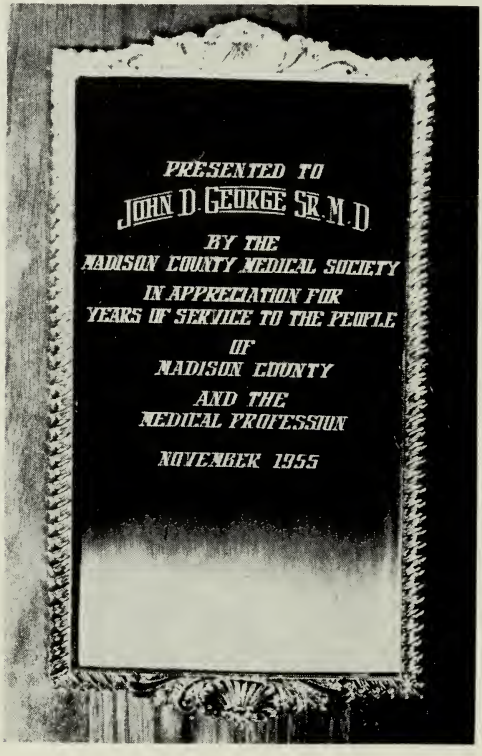
DR. J. D. GEORGE RECENTLY HONORED

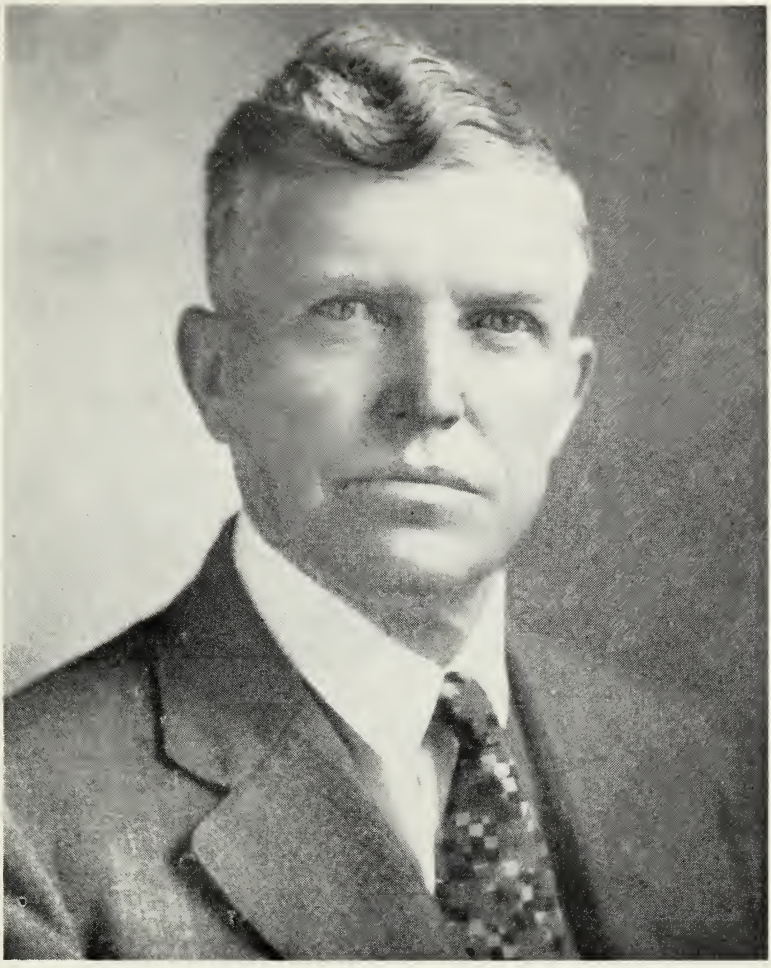
Dr. George was recently honored by the Madison County Medical Society by the presentation of the Milton R. Joy Award in appreciation of fifty years of service to the people and profession of the Madison County area.

This award was presented in the form of a plaque in black and gold by the Madison County Medical Society at their annual meeting in the Hotel Ranier, Oneida, New York, November 10, 1955 in the presence of the physicians of Madison and Oneida Counties.

In presenting the award, Dr. Brown, president of the society, gave a brief biography of Dr. George's many years of dedicated and loyal service to the profession.

Dr. George regards the gift as one of the most treasured honors he has ever received.





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AT
50 YEARS OF AGE

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Our Family, 1901 - 1955

INTRODUCTION

Genealogy isn't as old-fashioned as it used to be. Everybody, well almost everybody, wants to know something about their family. In fact, everybody should know all about their family. Where did these ancestors of ours come from? Where did they live? What kind of people were they anyway?

Well, they embraced the usual run of people and, of course, some unusual; there was the carpenter, the preacher, the teacher, the farmer, the doctor, a spiritualist, and even a counterfeiter. But mostly they were in that great group that left England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to come to a new land to find homes for themselves and their families.

This history of our family takes us back many generations, even a few centuries. As we are all ruled physically, mentally, and emotionally by our ancestry it wouldn't be surprising if we all took an interest in this "family tree". Do you want to know about your ancestors? The more you know about your ancestors the more you will know about yourself. Well, I will tell you about your family and your ancestors.

It has taken many days, weeks, months, and years of research in all kinds of volumes and books and histories in letters, papers, deeds, documents, clippings, wills, and many other sources of information to do what I have done.

Through the years, I have often wondered who we were and where we came from. The business of being a doctor and raising a considerable family prevented any such research. The last few years have given me the opportunity to make such research, and it has been a satisfying and thrilling experience.

All these sources of information, together with many photostatic copies of long past events, I plan to assemble as a bibliography and reference guide.

Here in the beginning are just a few of the many outstanding events of this story that come to my mind: (1) to find that a soldier of the Revolutionary War, Moses George, Jr., my great-grandfather, enlisted in that war on the same day as his father, Moses George, Sr.; (2) to find that an officer in the Revolutionary War, General Benjamin Wait, founded the Town of Waitsfield, Vermont, a very lovely little hamlet, with its covered bridge, in the Green Mountains of Vermont, and that his sword hangs within and over the entrance to the public library where my wife and I visited a few years ago; (3) that one of our ancestors, Joseph Peck, my great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, came over from England and landed in Massachusetts shortly after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock; (4) to find that another ancestor, Daniel Brodhead, my great-great-great-great-grandfather, came over as captain in the English Army in the expedition that resulted in the capture of New Amsterdam from the Dutch, and who later was placed in command of a Dutch outpost at Kingston, now an important city on the Hudson River; (5) to find that another ancestor, Ichabod Peck, my great-grandfather, was a private in the Army of Washington, was

with him in the campaign in New Jersey and along the Delaware River, and for my wife and I to find in 1952, in an abandoned cemetery in Fulton County, New York, the deserted grave of this Revolutionary soldier; (6) to find still another Revolutionary soldier, John Brodhead, my great-great-grandfather, as Captain, from whose record my daughter, Shirley George Pendell, received her Daughter of the American Revolution membership. I am proud to say that this Revolutionary record was established by me after many years of research; (7) to find that another ancestor, William Storms, my great-grandfather, was a Methodist minister who rode the circuit with Bishop Asbury as an itinerant preacher, was a Mason, served in the war of 1812, married my great-grandmother, and twenty-six years after the war of 1812, applied for and received pay for that service; (8) to find for the first time that my middle name was handed down from the maiden surname of my great-grandmother, Mary Dean; (9) and lastly, to find so many more interesting facts in the lives of our ancestors, whose heritage we can trace back three hundred years has been a labor which has given so much satisfaction and has been so worthwhile.

RESULTS VALIDATED BY RECORDS AND RESEARCH

The research which my wife and I made in the year 1952 took us to the New York State Library at Albany, New York, to the Public Library at Boston, the Historic Genealogical Library at 9 Ashburton Place, Boston, the City Library at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and the State Library at Montpelier, Vermont. I have photostatic copies of every branch of our families, very vital and important information in writing, in the writing of this history. In addition, I have written many letters and have received many replies from the War Department in Washington and the War Departments of New York State, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Vermont; also letters from the Census Bureaus and pension records. I have searched records of deeds in Fulton and Montgomery Counties. I have found records of soldiers in Colonial Wars; the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Civil War, World War I, and World War II. I have found many records of many families; where they were born, where they lived, and where they died. I have copies of deeds, transfers of property, copies of wills, of death records, of tombstone records, and many more.

The bibliography is adequate and complete. I realize that I am the only one who is able to give you the histories of these families and the only one who could carry out the research for this work. The others who might have helped have all passed on. I also realize that what I write may not be a finished product but it will have one necessary element, it will be based upon accurate information, data and facts. There may be too many days and dates, too many details, too much duplication to make interesting reading, but the main fact will still remain. It is the true story of these families.

This is surely a long introduction, but it will serve to introduce to you the five families whose histories I wish to write about: the Georges, the Egglestons, the Pecks, the Brodheads, and the Storms.

There is a good reason for going back to the earliest beginnings of these families of which we have records because our very existence depends upon the unbroken chain of family after family through all these generations. Take one link out of these long chains and none of us would be here.

Part I

THE EARLY ANCESTORS

The History of the George Family

The early history of the George family is vague enough, but in the beginning, in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in about the year 1775, Moses George and Annie Page were married. My wife, Maude E. George, and I spent many hours in the Public Library at Newburyport, and in the belief that in the migration of this family to New York State, they were supposed to have stopped in Vermont, we went to the libraries of Portsmouth, New Hampshire and the State Library at Montpelier, Vermont. While the George and Page families were numerous in these three New England States, we were not able to find the complete family records. This we also know, that after many years and many children, Moses George and his wife separated, Moses remaining in Newburyport and Annie Page and her children starting the long journey across New Hampshire and Vermont, finally reaching Browns Corners in the Town of Alexandria, Jefferson County, New York in about 1815.

However, here it is in the military records that we come upon the first information concerning Moses George, Jr. and his father, Moses George. "Moses George, Jr. was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, enlisted in the Revolutionary War June 5, 1780 and was discharged January 13, 1781". The authentic record of the service in the Revolutionary War is contained in a letter I received from the archivist division of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts under date of November 13, 1952, quote, "in the service record of Moses George, Jr. his residence is listed as Newburyport, and his age is given as 29 in 1780, which would make 1751 the year of his birth".

An additional record from the War Department of the Army, Washington, D. C., under date of October 16, 1952, states, "that Moses George, Jr. served in the Revolutionary War, rank not shown, in a regiment designated at various times as the 10th, 11th, and 15th Massachusetts Regiment. He enlisted July 1, 1870 for a term of 6 months". Besides this, there is a long statement in Volume VI, pages 358 and 359, of "Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War", giving the same record of service for Moses George, Jr. as previously given, and also this physical data, age 29 years, stature 5 ft. 7 in., complexion light.

In this same volume, on page 358, is also given the military service of Moses George, Sr. agreeing identically with that of Moses George, Jr. as enlisting from Newburyport for 6 months, entering the service on the same day, but serving in a different area. This, too, gives the physical data, age 49 years, stature 5 ft. 9 in., complexion light . So we have father and son enlisting in the Army of the Revolutionary War on the same day, July 1, 1780.

These physical characteristics of these two men correspond to the elder men of the George family as I saw some of them many years ago, medium height, blond sandy hair.

Moses George apparently elected to remain in Newburyport. There is a gravestone record of the death of Moses George who died December 2, 1803, Old Burying Hill, Newburyport, Massachusetts, from Newburyport Vital Record, Volume II, State Library, Albany, New York.

Ann Page George assembled her flock of children, many of whom were grown up boys and girls and some almost in infancy, and started the long trip Westward through New Hampshire and Vermont to finally arrive at Browns Corners in the Town of Alexandria, Jefferson County, New York in the early 1800's, about 1815.

It is believed that the family stopped for a year or so in New Hampshire and Vermont before arriving in New York State. At any rate, one of the sons, Gilman George, married a New Hampshire girl, Fannie Bartlett, on the way and later settled on a farm and built a home at Browns Corners.

This is the history of the George family that was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts and migrated to the town of Alexandria, Jefferson County, New York, and settled in and about Brown Corners about the year 1815, as given to me by my father, John Brodhead George, on November 29, 1917.

The Author's Grandmother, Maria Storms George. 1804-1891

In addition to the information already given, I have the statement by my grandmother, Maria Storms George, to my sister, Martha, that the George family came from Newburyport, Massachusetts, and that the father and mother were Moses George and Annie Page. I have that same information given directly to me from Caroline Olney, granddaughter of Caroline George, and great-granddaughter of Moses George and Annie Page. The only reason I am quoting these authorities of long ago is because of the lack, after intensive search, of records of births, marriages or deaths in the early history of this family.

Now, primarily, this is a history of the George family and I hope that anyone who has an interest in their family would concentrate that interest on Browns Corners. What is Browns Corners, or should I say what was Browns Corners in those pioneer days of the Town of Alexandria? Just a quagmire crossroads in a wilderness, just the beginning of a civilization in a primeval forest. Here Moses George the third, who was called by my father the King Bee of the Georges, built his log cabin on the Southwest corner, now the Dickhaut home.

On the Northwest corner Gilman George built his home; on the Southeast corner William George built his home; and on the Northeast corner, ¼ mile away, my grandfather, Page George, had his home for a short time after he married my grandmother, Maria Storms. Others who had their homes close by were Jesse George and Caroline George Cronk, and Experience George Babcock. Another member of the family, Benjamin George, made his home in Redwood.

Browns Corners was really the center of the town. Eventually the road from Watertown to Ogdensburg, East and West, passed through Browns Corners, and North and South passed the road from Redwood to Alexandria Bay.

The Town of Alexandria was not organized as a town until 1821 and at that time had 149 families. Alexandria Bay was selected by LeRay as a trading post on the mighty St. Lawrence River in 1804, and in Plessis, (Flat Rock), LeRay erected a grist mill on Plessis Creek in 1817, and the other village of the town, Redwood, was selected as a place for a glass factory in 1833 by John S. Foster.

When the sale of lands was begun the "Contract required the payments to be completed in seven years the settler to build a log house equal to 18 feet square in size and to clear 1/25 part of the land contracted in one year, and the prevailing price was three dollars per acre".

ANNIE PAGE ANCESTRY

I am indebted to Stedman Bixby of North Hampton, N. H. for the genealogical record of Annie Page. By date of birth and ancestry chart, she qualifies to have been the wife of Moses George, Jr.

This is the genealogical record as furnished by Mr. Bixby, the details of which I am omitting, but am furnishing the record generation by generation from Robert Page, the first emigrant who was born in England.

Robert Page, b. 1604, *married Lucy, surname unknown.*
Frances Page, b. 1639, *married Meribah Smith.*
Samuel Page, b. Mar. 3, 1671, *married Anne Marshall.*
Benjamin Page, b. Nov. 24, 1714, *married Mary Sanborn.*
Jeremiah Page, b. Aug. 6, 1738, *married, name unknown.*
Annie Page, b. Sept. 12, 1766, *married Moses George, Jr.*

Here is a list of the children of Moses George and Annie Page in the order as given to me by my father, and I do not believe that this order is necessarily by age:

Jesse George
Gilman George, married Fannie Bartlett
Moses George, wife's name not known
Page George, married Maria Storms
William George
Benjamin George
Charles George
Daniel George
Experience George, married Joseph Babcock
Caroline George, married a Cronk

My father gave a considerable account of each one of these children but I propose to merely state some one fact or observation about their lives.

Jesse George lived on the Smith place in District No. 6, one mile from Browns Corners. He sold the farm to Josiah Smith and moved to Illinois.

Gilman George lived on the Frost place at Browns Corners and later moved to the Whitney place. His sons were Horace, Moses, Harvey and Daniel, and he also had a daughter, Mary Jane. The sons all moved to Illinois. Twice during my lifetime Horace George and his wife, Elizabeth, visited at our home in No. 6. Gilman George and his wife are buried in Plessis Cemetery.

Moses George lived at Browns Corners. He was not the oldest but was the one the others leaned upon. One son, James, was a soldier in the Mexican and Civil Wars and was a Colonel in the Second Minnesota Regiment. He advocated the election of James K. Polk so he must have been a Democrat, as have all the Georges as far back as I know. Moses George's mother, Annie Page, lived with him and it is believed that she and Moses and his wife are buried in the Browns Corners Cemetery. Just this summer my wife and I and my son, John, and family made a complete survey of that cemetery but found no stone or evidence of any such burials. The records of the Town of Alexandria were destroyed by fire up to the year 1830.

William George lived in the old Whitney place at Browns Corners. My father remembers nothing about him or his family.

Benjamin George lived in Redwood, and his sons were the glass blowers. His two sons, Jason and Japhet (Chub) were my father's favorite cousins, and during my early life I heard of them frequently. We, my family and my father, stopped in Ithaca to see Jason George in about the year 1915. We could not locate his home but since then I have had inquiry from a granddaughter of Benjamin George wondering if I could clear up the George family ancestry for them.

Charles George lived in Rochester. He was the spiritualist of our family and reached into the unknown through a medium.

Daniel George lived in Brownville and took part in the Patriot War, the invasion of Canada. His wife was Aunt Betsey, maiden name unknown.

Caroline George married a Cronk. He also participated in that ill-fated invasion of Canada across the St. Lawrence River at Ogdensburg. The entire invasion turned into a rout and the participants were either killed or captured, and some even escaped back across the river. Foolishly they expected to be received with open arms by the Canadians as Canada was expected ready to liberate itself from the British Crown. Instead, they were received by cannon and musketry and the prisoners, without the protection of safety as prisoners of war, were summarily disposed of by execution or banishment to Van Diemensland, now Tasmania. Among them were Daniel George and Cronk. Cronk was eventually liberated from the British Crown Penal Colony in Van Diemensland and got back as far as Oregon where he died.

This, in brief, covers some very little part of these descendants of Moses and Annie Page George. I have quite a complete history of these lives but for brevity's sake I have condensed it to these few items.

There remains, however, one girl of this family who lived across the fields, a little way from my home, and visited at our home in the very earliest years of my life. She was Aunt Speedy, Experience George, who married a Babcock. She made rag dolls for us and was a very lovely lady. She was a strong Methodist as was every other George that I know about, and she was redheaded.

PAGE GEORGE

The name of my grandfather comes as the most natural thing in the world. In the study of my ancestry I found that boys and girls alike were named after their fathers and mothers.

Page George was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts on December 15, 1797, and my grandmother, Maria Storms, was born on August 24, 1804 in Cherry Valley. Page George as a child made that long journey from Newburyport. He and my grandmother were married at the Storms home in Plessis, New York on March 13, 1831.

When school districts were established in the Town of Alexandria, our school district was labeled No. 6. All around us school districts had becoming names like Barnes Settlement, Jewetts Corners, Browns Corners, Goose Bay and Swan Hollow. All we got was No. 6. But No. 6 was more than a school district. It was an entity. It was a community all its own, and it came to be recognized by all the communities around it.

Nine George families settled within a mile of each other here and at Browns Corners. Now, more than 100 years later, not one remains. But No. 6 and the No. 6 school building where I went to school, and later taught, still remains.

On their farm and the house they built my grandparents started their married life after their short stay near Browns Corners. In this house and the succeeding frame house built in 1841 my father, his two brothers and two sisters were born, as were my sister, my two brothers and I.

Apparently little or none of the land had been cleared of the massive trees. The job seemed almost impossible. This year, in the building of the New York State Thruway, we have seen a mile long and 100 yard wide strip of second growth Elms and Maples, one foot or more in diameter, melt swiftly away before the chain saws, the huge tractors and bulldozers. Compare that with the axe, the crosscut saw and the ox team of the 1830's and it does not seem possible that our farm could have been cleared up so beautifully with its great fields even after fifty years.

Moses George helped my grandfather clear the land and get it ready to sow the fields with wheat, corn and oats, prepare the meadows for hay and clover and pasturage for the cattle. This is the way it was done. Trees, large and small, were cut down and cut into such lengths that they could be hauled by the yoke of oxen with chain attachment to a suitable place for burning. Great fires were kept burning until all the trees were consumed. These were the asheries that were on every farm. I remember two on our home farm, and long after the ashes had their run of lye from which potash was made, there was enough fertilizer left in the soil after fifty years to produce enormous crops in and about these red asheries. I know because I have helped to harvest the hay and grain around and about them.

What forests were necessarily sacrificed to prepare a wilderness for habitation!

Would you like to know what a primitive forest looks like? On that large wood lot on that farm today I believe stands the nearest to the Virgin Forest of any place I know of in New York State. This summer my wife and I and my son, John, and his family had a picnic in that woods. I know we were all deeply impressed with the sublimity of this deep dark woods, the stillness, the deep shade, the great variety of trees. My grandfather, Page George, must have used good judgment for the preservation of this woods in cutting the trees for lumber and the year's wood for burning in the stoves and fireplace. I know my father, in his more than fifty years on the farm, never cut a tree for wood unless its life showed signs of ending, and in my visit with Perl Babcock, the present owner of the farm, he told me that he used the same care. I was glad to find that he was a lover of the woods.

Many times, in fact every year for a long period, I helped cut down, saw into sled lengths and draw on the sleigh to the wood yard at home three great rows of these logs to be sawed up with the crosscut saw in the spring for the year's wood — about fifty cord.

Only once in my lifetime have I seen a woods like this one. That was when we visited our son, Roger, in Vancouver, Washington in 1950. We had a picnic one day on Mt. St. Helens in the Cascade Mountains of the State of Washington. Half way up the mountain is a park on Spirit Lake. In this park are hundreds of great majestic fir trees, rising as it seems almost out of sight two hundred feet in the air, very impressive if you like trees and woods. I don't seem to be able to stop writing about these woods. I knew these woods well all my life, until I came to Verona. I helped tap the maples. I carried the sap with a neck-yoke to the boiling place. I knew the best sap trees in that wood lot and the prize tree that still stands was one by the boiling place.

All the majestic hemlocks, red and hoary, reached their life's end when I was very young, and I remember the crash of those mighty trees when they fell. These hemlocks were four and five feet in diameter and that is a very large tree for a hemlock. One sled length cut was the load that was drawn to Plessis saw mill to be sawed into various cuttings of plank, one inch lumber and 2 by 4's.

Twenty years ago the gypsy moth attacked the hemlocks in this woods and an area about twenty miles in diameter, and destroyed every hemlock tree, but they are coming back now and in their sturdy new growth these dark evergreens make the woods more beautiful than ever.

Almost every tree familiar to this area is found in this woods — maple, beech, oak, birch, pine, ash, basswood, cherry, ironwood and many others.

That day of the picnic we walked the mile long ledge that forms the border on one side of this woods. It is a sandstone ledge, varying in height from twenty to eighty feet, a vertical drop and perfectly straight in its entire length. Where we walked the surface was level as was the entire wood lot.

Way at the end of the ledge is the cave into one of the deepest parts of the ledge. When we were boys we never dared enter this cave because it was dark and forbidding. This day we had a flashlight but the battery was low and we could not see the end, so the cave is as mysterious and haunting as it was seventy years ago.

There is one tree I must not forget — the Big Elm. I never saw it standing. It was in the early days of my father and mother on the farm. Seven feet through, straight and tall, it towered so high above the other trees and so widespread its upper branches that it was like an umbrella over the center of the woods. Like many big trees, the Big Elm was known all over the surrounding area. Small wonder what a shock it was to my father and mother when a neighbor rushed in early one morning. He had missed the Big Elm and it had fallen. By this tree was the big elm runway where deer, following a beaten path along a little stream that trickled over the ledge, passed down over the ledge, in its shallowest height to the rolling hills below. On this picnic day we went to the spot where the big elm stood, but there were no remains of this giant of the forest, only a memory.

My father gave me many details of the life of his father and mother. It was a hard life, the life of the pioneer, a struggle for survival. A family of five children coming along, building a house and barn, little coming in and work, hard work all the time.

My grandfather and John Ingraham built the frame house in which I was born in 1841. This was succeeded by the present house in 1892. The barn which is still standing was built in 1845. After more than one hundred years it looks very old but the timbers are as strong as ever and a stable L makes it a large comfortable housing for the cattle and horses on the farm.

The house built in 1841 was a strong and rugged one with framed timbers, two inch plank siding, pine clapboards, cedar shingles and a chimney at each end. There was no such thing as insulation in those days, so the ventilation was good on those cold blustery days of the north country.

My grandfather was a good worker as he had to be to clear the land, build his house and barn, and provide for his family. Very early in his life he had a shock and was helplessly paralyzed. He got some better but later had two more and was helpless for the last two years of his life. He died on July 14, 1856.

I knew my grandmother very well as she lived in her own home with our family until her death when I was eighteen years old. I know what a difficult time she must have had with an invalid husband for seven years and a small family of five children. We can only guess of the hardship she must have endured bringing up this family, attending her sick husband, and trying to keep the wolf from the door. As I look back now, I know that my grandmother had a strong character and a strong determination, great pride in her family, great understanding of every situation. During the last years she was blind. My sister, Martha, who was a great reader, read a great deal to her and she busied herself during the day knitting mittens, socks and wristlets for the whole family. She seldom dropped a stitch but when she did there was a call for help to which my mother usually attended. My grandmother died on Christmas Day, December

25,1891. Both my grandfather and grandmother are buried in Plessis Cemetery, and both have the records of their births and deaths on their monument which is plainly marked.

CHILDREN OF PAGE GEORGE AND MARIA STORMS

Sanford George, born June 30, 1833, *married Malvina Casselman.*

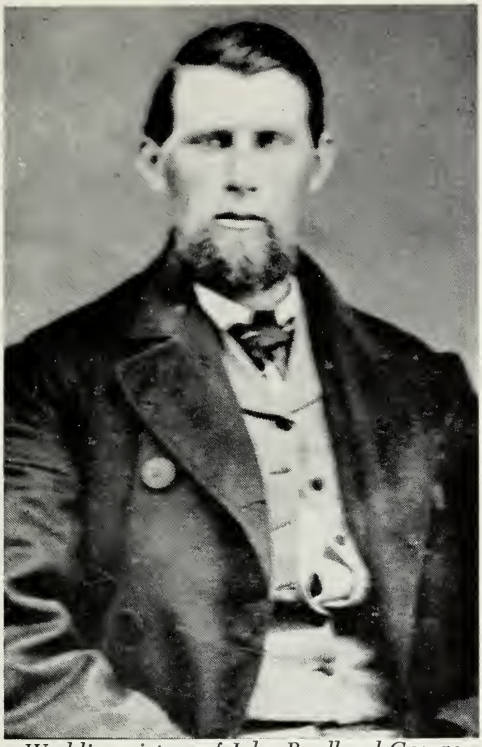
Harrison H. George, born January 13, 1836, *married Martha Northup, died January* 8, 1898.

John Brodhead George, my father, born March 13, 1838, *married Martha Ann Peck on December* 29, 1864, *died on May* 20, 1919. *My mother died July* 28, 1901.

Ann George, born March 6, 1841, *married George Pierce, died in* 1894.

Agnes George, born October 10, 1843, *married Solomon Howe, died on January* 26, 1925.

Of these 5 children of Page George and Maria Storms there are no surviving children except that of our own family, the family of John B. and Martha Ann Peck.



Wedding picture of John Brodhead George
1838-1919

This is the story of my father, John Brodhead George, born on March 13, 1838 at No. 6, Town of Alexandria, Jefferson County, New York, and my mother, Martha Ann Peck, born on April 1, 1841, at Barnes Settlement, Town of Alexandria, Jefferson County, New York.

I often wonder why my father and mother did not tell us more of their childhood and early years, and why haven't we told our children more about our early lives, and why haven't our children asked us about the life we lived while we were young. The answer I believe is clear enough. In your earliest years your parents are everything to you, your whole life. Then, a little later in your grades and in your teens you are just living in that wonderful present and dreaming of the future.

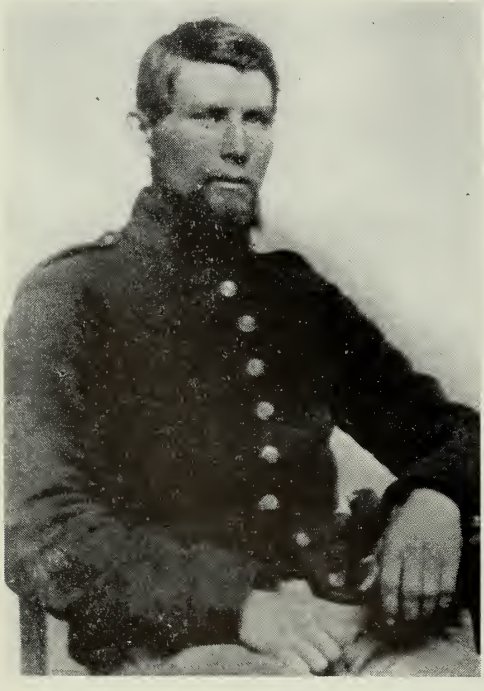
The past is something that is not a part of your life. You do not voluntarily disregard it; you do not put it away from you. It just isn't there, and that is as it should be. When the inevitable years keep rolling along that is time enough to live a little in the past, but for just now, oh this wonderful today and tomorrow.

Anyway, here is a glimpse of the life of my parents in the 1840's and 1850's. They went to school at their own home schools. The school year was only about twelve weeks in the fall and winter. The attendance at school was very large as the age range was from five to twenty years. I remember my mother telling me that in the small stone school at Barnes Settlement as many as fifty were in attendance. The older pupils were just trying to grasp, in the brief time they had, the merest beginnings of an education. The three R's were no joke then. They were foundations. In addition, there was spelling. It was little wonder that only about one-half the population could read and write. I have many letters of my mother and they show a wonderful grasp of the English language, spelling, and composition that she acquired in the few years she attended a school that had teachers. Because of lack of opportunity, they had but little better knowledge of the subjects they were to teach than the children themselves. There were no adequate text books and no equipment at all. There was the homemade wooden desk on the wooden platform for the teacher. There was the black painted wall for the blackboard and each child had his own slate and slate pencil,

and that was all. The plain wooden pine desks adorned with initials and emblems carved in them were inevitable.

These were the days of the 1850's. Soon, over the turmoil and strife over slavery, came the Civil War.

My father enlisted early in the war in Company 1, 35th Regiment, New York State Volunteers. The 35th was a Jefferson County Regiment and Company I was recruited in Redwood. The Regiment was recruited in April and May of 1861, rendezvoused and organized in Elmira, and on June 11, 1861 was mustered into service for the term of two years. Two Jefferson County histories in my possession give the changing officers of this Company and Regiment, but the names that linger in my memory are Colonel Lord and Colonel Todd, Regimental Commanders, and Captain Little in command of Company I. In the list of non-commissioned officers are the names of Sergeants Nelson Hough, Gilman Evans, John B. George and Levi Annable. The 35th was in the Army of the Potomac throughout its service and took part in many of the important battles of that war. Among these were Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg – twelve battles in all. Antietam and Fredericksburg were two of the bloodiest and most crucial battles of the war. At Antietam 32 were killed and 43 wounded; at Bull Run 94 were killed and wounded. Of the 1350 enrollment of the 35th Regiment, 130 men were killed in battle, 70 deaths by disease, 90 discharged for wounds and 140 for disability. My father was hit by a spent bullet but suffered no wound. He was ill with jaundice in the service, which I believe had the foundation for gall stone attacks, at intervals, during his life.



Civil War picture of John Brodhead George
1861-1863

After he was mustered out of the service on June 5, 1863, he took over the work of the farm which my grandmother, Maria Storms George, owned. I can imagine his many trips across the fields to see my mother until they were married on December 29, 1864 by H. C. Tilden, Pastor of Methodist Episcopal Church at Alexandria Bay, in the presence of John H. Overocker and John W. Northup as witnesses.

I have in my possession the original marriage certificate, as well as photostatic copies, and I have tin type wedding pictures and a picture of my father in his army uniform.

The wedding took place at the home of the bride and all the friends, neighbors, and relatives were present. This wedding, as all weddings at that time, was the social event of Barnes Settlement.

My father took his bride to his home in No. 6 and there started a long and happy married life for both of them.

I know my mother grew up to know all about the household duties of a girl in a large family. She could do the washing and ironing and cook and bake and prepare the meals for the large family of which she was a part. She could sew and knit and spin. I have watched my mother spin many times. The hum of the spindle of the rapidly turning wheel was a varying melody of high and low tones, depending on the varying speeds required in spinning. The large spinning wheel was turned slowly with one hand, while the other hand fed the carded wool to the end of the rapidly turning spindle. The carded wool was in strips about eighteen inches long and as large as a large pen. In this spinning process the spun yarn was gathered on the spindle. Other help was needed in assembling the yarn into skeins - forty threads made a skein. The swifts and the reel assembled the woolen yarn into skeins. And there was your lovely woolen yarn to remain white or be colored and made into stockings, scarfs, mittens, or to be woven into cloth or blankets.

I know one thing, my father and mother grew up on the soil. The bread they made was from the wheat that was grown on the farm, the meat they had was from the cattle and pigs and chickens that were raised on the farm, and the vegetables were grown in the garden on the farm. Nothing was purchased from the general stores at Redwood or Alexandria Bay except salt, sugar, spices, coffee, tea, boots and shoes, and a few other items. Cloth was bought by the yard and all the clothing was made at home — dresses, suits, coats, everything. The butter and milk products came from your own farm, and the meat that you raised had to last the year around — hams, salt pork, bacon, sausage and beef. Ice houses were not known. The fat from the beef was made into candles, tallow candles, and kerosene oil was now coming into use. I have a sperm oil lantern of 1856, candle molds, and a Paul Revere lantern.

The great problem those days was to find something to read. I remember even in my time we had just a few books. There was the family Bible which I have, Naval battles of the War of 1812, the Green Mountain Boys, the Lamplighter, the Kangaroo Hunters and a borrowed Robinson Crusoe. I do not know when the Watertown Reunion was first published. It was a small four page weekly, and while it had very little news in its little pages, it served to introduce you to the rest of the world.

So life in those early days was a little spot in your own neighborhood from which you could not escape. The distance you went from home was to your general store once a week to get your mail and to buy only those necessities that the farm did not provide. There were no trains. The Utica and Black River railroad was not built until 1873. If you wanted to go anywhere, your destination depended on the condition of the roads, and your maximum was the distance your horse could take you. Your environment was very limited. You did not know what was going on in the world and there was peace in the world, and the only friction that loomed then, as far distant, was over slavery between the North and South.

Your activities, then, were confined to your own and surrounding neighborhoods, but they were many, and in that small circle, there were many social events. The Alexandria Bay Methodist minister came to Barnes Settlement

school house for a service every Sunday during the summer and passable roads. Then after the harvest season and in the fall he was given a donation. This was held in one of the homes, and everybody came that was supposed to come loaded down with food stuffs of all kinds—flour, hams, chickens, eggs and the whole combine of products for which the area was noted. This was an evening of entertainment. I went to Sunday School in Barnes Settlement and I never knew of a collection being taken.

My mother, 10 *years old*

If I should tell you of the things you didn't have in those days, you would shudder now to think of living in such an age. But if you were abreast of the times at that time, you were satisfied. What more could you ask? Let's go through the house and barn and around the farm. There was no silverware for the table in the ordinary pioneer home. Steel knives and three-tined wooden handled forks scoured on the scouring board to cleanliness were for table use. The teacups had no handles then. I believe my mother had a very good supply of dishes and I know all her life she treasured some very choice pieces of blue chinaware of British make. There was a great heavy iron teakettle that would almost break your back to lift, even when it was empty. The stove was for wood of course, had four griddles, and the stove pipe passed through a tank at the back of the stove and above the level of the griddle area. This was a large reservoir and held six pails of water. I remember the size of it very well because when soft water got low in the cistern in the winter, my brother and I cut cakes of snow to fill this tank.

Our house was a fairly large house, with a one room living room-dining room and kitchen, two bedrooms below, a pantry and buttery combined, and a back entrance to the shanty that was attached to the back of the house, a woodshed and receptacle for tools and household equipment. I never knew why it was called a shanty, but shanty it was. There were four bedrooms upstairs, three in use during the growing up of the family, and one the spare room for company and visitors. Then there was the inevitable parlor downstairs, closed tight all the week long and opened on Sunday. It was carpeted with the fruit of the loom in those days. Carpet rags were accumulated through the years and sewed together in narrow strips about one inch wide and then assorted as to

colors and wound into great balls and sent to the weaver to make into the carpet to cover the parlor floor. I should judge our parlor floor to be about 14 by 16 feet so that it took a considerable carpet three feet wide to cover this floor. The design of the carpet was fixed in advance. There was a base color and on each side of the base was the various colors arranged as harmoniously as possible. These strips of carpet were sewed together at home, and this big heavy carpet was laid with straw underneath. The first time this carpet was laid was a real job, endless stretching to get it tight and straight, and tacking it all around. It was very lovely when all this was done. One of the problems which my older brother, Will, and I did was to take this carpet up every spring at housecleaning time, take it out on the clothes line for the annual beating while my mother and sister cleaned the room. Then another layer of straw and put down the carpet again.

The lighting of the house was done with rather small lamps, one of which I have from my home in No. 6. It is a rather tall slim lamp, resting on a square marble pedestal, 5 by 5 inches square, with a brass pedestal and a small round ornamental glass globe for oil, and of course surmounted by the lampwick and chimney. I am sure it is an antique. All during my early days we had tallow candles which were made from beef fat. Give me the beef fat and the candle wicking and I will make you some candles. Edison had not invented the electric light; Bell had not even conceived his first telephone; and telegraphy was in its infancy. Great darkness enveloped every home and town when the candles were snuffed or the lamp blown out. It was fifty years away before automobiles were even heard of.

Even in my day, in the City of Montreal at McGill Medical College in 1901, I never saw an automobile on the streets, and I never saw one in Verona until one day in the early 1900's Dr. Menzie of Oneida drove a big high wheel affair through the clay dust into our village. The whole population turned out to see it and I am not sure that he ever got back to Oneida with it. The things that are necessities today were never even heard of in the early married life of my father and mother.

In my father's days of 1870 and 1880, the fields were plowed with a team of horses. It was prepared for sowing the grain with a duck-foot cultivator and, after the soil was properly prepared, sowed by hand with oats, wheat, peas, or rarely with peas, oats, and barley. This latter mixture was for the pigs. After sowing the grain, it was gone over with a 30 tooth drag to cover the grain and smooth the land. When the harvest came the grain was cut with a reaper that threw off a gavel of grain every fourth arm of the big 4 arms that swing round and round to brush the grain backward before the cutter bar upon the table to be carried off upon the ground with that every fourth arm. When dry enough, this great row of gavels was pitched with barley forks onto the wagon and taken to the mows in the barns until all the grain was safely landed in the barn.

The first threshing machines were powered by a team of horses that walked round and round to turn the cylinder head in the thresher proper. Later in my earliest days was the three horse tread — three horses on an inclined tread going uphill, going nowhere, but furnishing the power by a long belt to that awesome cylinder into which the grain was fed and torn to pieces, liberating the grain from the straw.

If I wanted to put on a show today, I believe I would put one of those massive treads out about fifty feet from a barn, run a six inch belt to the threshing machine in the barn, put my three horses on the tread, and then posting

all the men in their places – one to feed the grain into the cylinder of the threshing machine, one to tend table, that is, keep the supply of grain moving steadily toward the gloved hands of the one who is feeding the machine, two men to pitch the grain from the mow onto the table, a man with two bushel measures to tend those measures as the grain pours out of the spout and empty it into a bag to be carried away by another man who empties it into the grain bin, and worst of all, the man behind the machine who has to take care of the straw as it comes pouring out. He has to pitch the straw with a wide barley fork high up on a scaffold where another man pitches it into the main straw mow where two men scatter it and tread it down.

And now we are all ready! Release the brake! The horses start when the brake is released for the tread begins to turn because of the weight of the three horses on this revolving tread, the big wheel geared to the tread begins to turn, the belt begins to move, and the cylinder in the threshing machine begins to turn rapidly and more rapidly and finally with terrifying speed as the powerful steel teeth tear the grain into shreds and separate the seeds from the straw as it is fed into the cylinder.

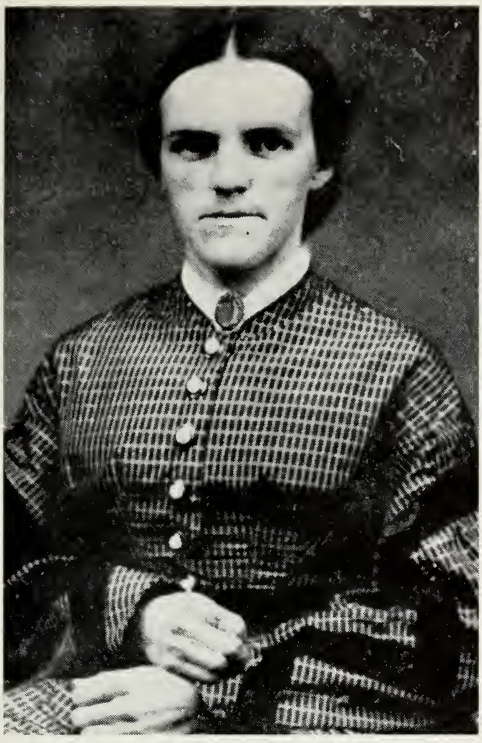
The klomp, klomp, klomp of the steel shod horses on these maple treads could be heard a mile away, and the changing tone of that whining cylinder head, and the dust and confusion of it all, made it a day to be remembered all the days of your life as it has mine. What a spectacle that would be today. What a day of labor seventy years ago. You changed work with your neighbors on threshing days as at least eight men were required.

As the straw came pouring out of the back of the machine, the event of the day was to try and bury the man who had that job. And eventually he was half buried in the dust and chaff and grime up to his neck and had to give up, and that was the day.

Today gasoline farm machinery plows your land, sows the seed, threshes your grain in the field, and blows your straw wherever you want it.

Do you want to know what a day in the dead of winter would be like in 1880? There was no chunk stove in our kitchen-living room. The fire in the cook stove, The Giant, went out every night in those below zero days in northern New York. The last thing my father did before going to bed was to whittle shavings and prepare the kindling wood for a quick start of the fire in the morning. By morning the whole house was bitterly cold and the windows would be heavily coated with frost and ice. The fire being started, it did not take long to heat up the room and soon my mother was up too.

Breakfast was started at once and what do you think we had for breakfast. You guessed it, buckwheat pancakes with butter, maple syrup and sausage or ham, and coffee freshly ground every morning in the coffee grinder. Prepared pancake flour was never heard of in those days. Buckwheat flour was purchased where it was ground by the water-turned mill stones, at the grist mill at Redwood. The pancake batter was mixed the night before with a teacupful of riser added and set about the room where the temperature would be best suited for it to rise. Enough soda was added to the batter just before the pancakes were put on the griddle to make them just right.



Wedding picture of my mother 1841-1901

What was my mother like? Like most mothers, the most devoted mother in the world. I do not believe she had a selfish thought in her whole lifetime except for her children and family. My mother was small and trim in stature, about five feet one inch tall, and weighing about one hundred pounds. She had dark hair and gray-brown eyes with brown highlights mixed with the gray. She dressed with precision and of the mode of that day — long dresses, long petticoats, and with modest accessories. I remember the names of the neighborhood housewives that she visited once a year and who visited at our house in return, just an afternoon call, a stay to supper and an early return - Mrs. Direna Bauder, Mrs. Direna Smith, Mrs. Margaret Helmer, Mrs. Johnie Moore, Mrs. Thankful Curtis, and occasionally others. We had kindly neighbors in a kindly neighborhood. My father used to say we had good neighbors because we didn't overdo our neighboring.

After we were away from home it was our mother who did the writing for the family and I have many of those letters today, a running account of all the events at home, on the farm and in the community sixty years ago.

My mother lived in the days of the complete absence of all those necessities that are a part of every home today. Her life was a life of incessant toil. Besides the care of the home and the meals there was the spinning, the sewing, the making of all the clothes for the family, and the hand washing of the clothing. Fortunately, early in my day came the hand turned washing machine and wringer, and many new and wonderful accessories to the home to make life easier. My mother was not a great reader. She read the Watertown Reunion, but in her spare moments preferred to knit and sew. The reading of the New York Ledger, a famous story paper of that day, was left to my sister to read aloud to my grandmother.

My mother had a long illness. It must have been in the early 80's. Our family doctor, Dr. Hutchins of Redwood, said she had "the Fever." That answered every question those days. I know it was a long illness, many weeks as I remember. It was my sister, Martha, on whom rested all the care of my mother as well as taking care of the house and younger members of the family. I want to

pay tribute here and now to the fact that my sister was the finest sister anyone ever had. I do not believe my mother was ever quite as well after that sickness, but she was the head of the household all through her life and gave everything to her children and family.

My brother, Will, and I slept upstairs on top of a big downy goose-feather bed which surmounted a large straw tick. The only beds in our home at that time were the cord beds, no springs, no mattresses. But if you were swallowed up in an enormous feather bed with homespun woolen blankets and lots of covering, what more could you ask? So we hurried down to breakfast and got ready for school at No. 6 one-fourth mile away. Boys' underwear was unheard of in those days, so we wore one or two pairs of pants as the weather indicated, one or two shirts also, homemade coat, mittens and wristlets, and a scotch cap.

A scotch cap was a wool cap that fitted closely over your head, covering the ears, with a forepiece at the front. The footwear was leather boots, always, coppertoed leather boots, and the soles and heels were fastened on with shoe pegs. On each side of the boot at the top were the boot straps, with finger holes, with which to pull your boots on. I haven't any of these original pegged shoes, but about twenty-five years ago I paid a dollar for a pair at the George Wright's store in New London.

I remember when your boots were cold and wet and hard. It was a job to get them on. I remember standing up to the end of the wood box back of the stove pulling on the boot straps and kicking viciously at the wood box while you pulled. That helped and it was traditional.

We had high rail fences then, and on those blizzard days the snow banks rose to enormous size, so some days it was a slow job to get to school, but I do not remember worrying about snow banks; wallowing through the snow was part of the day's enjoyment.

I wouldn't have time to go into the school life as it existed at that time, but I would have time to say that, as you took the same subjects over year after year, with progression of course every year, you learned by repetition and by hearing the classes recite below you and above you the work you had done the years before or that you were to have in the coming years. You had instilled in your mind fundamentals that you never forgot. You really got to know your Robinson Shorter Course in Arithmetic, Barnes History of the United States, Reed and Kellogg's Grammar with its diagraming, Geography, Steels Physiology and Hygiene, and Reading, Writing and Spelling, and a school spelldown every week. The three R's and the above, that was our foundation in the 1880's.

What was my father like? Like my mother, the home and the family were everything to him. I remember our family so well. I do not wish to idealize our family, but I do not remember any controversy or jangle or any interruption of a wonderful family relationship ever.

My father was a disciplinarian in a home that required no discipline. Whatever was needed to be done was done without question. Everything moved along just like that. I know my father never spoke a cross word to me or to my brothers and sister. We had a home without many comforts, but it was a contented and happy home.

My father was a tall man, about five feet eleven inches, not too rugged a frame, but straight and handsome. I remember watching him in those days, the personification of everything wonderful. He had dark hair and blue eyes, and wore chin whiskers of moderate width, cropped off straight across

about an inch below the chinline. At that time every man had some form of whiskers, burnsides, mutton chops, goatees, mustaches, chin whiskers or an overall spread of the face. Grotesque you will say now, but quite the thing one hundred years ago.

My father was an intensive farmer when the rotating seasonal jobs came along, the spring's work, ploughing and harrowing the soil and sowing the grains; then planting the fields to corn, potatoes and garden products; next the haying, the cultivation of the crops, the harvest, the fall ploughing, the butchering, and then cutting the wood to be drawn when the snow came, and then the wood pile. Naturally there were many jobs in between, but those main jobs were long and heavy and took most of the time.

But when all these farm jobs were done, and a few days interval occurred between these times of work, my father didn't bother himself or the rest of the family about building up a job between times. That was vacation times several times a year for the younger ones of our family who had a part in the running of the farm.

My father was not a politician but he was politically minded. First, last and always he was a Democrat. He did not think they were always right, but right or wrong he was a Democrat. If things were wrong the Democrats should correct them. He was assessor of the Town of Alexandria for twenty-one years. Brought up in such atmosphere, my brothers and I were naturally born Democrats.

I was eleven years old in the presidential election of 1884, but I remember it so well as it was the first Democratic victory in more than twenty years. My brother and I milked the cows early that election night and then drove to Redwood in a pouring rain to get the returns and to bring my father home. It was Blaine and Logan against Grover Cleveland and Thomas A. Hendrick. There was just one telephone in Redwood that reached down the state to Utica, and there stood Anson Harder, Lawyer, for hours listening and giving the news until far into the morning. The election seemed now to depend on New York State and the reports that came in those late hours were that it would be very close. We stayed till all hours but did not get the final result until two or three days later when the final tabulation gave Cleveland New York State by 1142 votes. I remember that vote. I do not have to look it up even now.

My own Oneida County, now, turned the tide for Cleveland by that small plurality. Roscoe Conklin, a great Republican, United States Senator, and a resident of Utica, had a bitter personal, wordy, encounter on the United States Senate floor with Blaine a short time before, and Conklin never forgave Blaine for the blistering word attack. So he laid down on the job in Oneida County and Cleveland was elected. Great was the rejoicing in our family and all of us attended a celebration of the victory in Redwood with a torchlight procession and Redwood Band at its best.

The boundaries of communications had just been loosened. The telegraph was in operation and I never can remember when telegraph poles were not on the road to No. 6 School. The telephone had just been invented in 1875 by Alexander Bell and a trunk line had been strung North from Utica to a few Northern towns. There were no electric lights. Edison was busy in his study of electricity and the incandescent electric light was unknown. But there was a

railroad, the Utica and Black River Railroad, which had penetrated as far north as Redwood in 1873, was on its way to Ogdensburg thirty-five miles away. Steamboats had already established routes on the St. Lawrence River between Toronto, Kingston and Gananoque and other Canadian ports with Oswego, Clayton, Alexandria Bay and Ogdensburg. Little hamlets like Redwood, Plessis and Alexandria Bay had centralized themselves into villages with general stores, a hardware store, a grist mill or saw mill, an apothecary shop, blacksmith shop, hotel, post office and church, and a doctor had appeared in each of these little towns.

The highways were very bad with deep heavy clay mud in spring and fall, and with the usual dry dusty road in the summer.

At our home on the farm there were twelve to fifteen cows and the milk was drawn on the milk wagon in one or two forty-gallon cans to Browns Corners to be made into cheese. This cheese factory opened April 1st every year and closed November 1st, and every patron was expected to furnish one calf's rennet for every cow. When the factory opened, the lazy days of getting up in the morning were over as the milk had to be delivered at the cheese factory not later than 6:30 in the morning. My brother, Will, and I began to milk early in life as we had to help our father in getting the milk away on time. I believe I began to milk an easy cow when I was eight or nine years of age, and when we were ten or twelve years old we were steady milkers, both night and morning, three hundred or four hundred pounds of milk.

Dr. Martin J. Hutchins of Redwood was our family physician and he attended all our births. Births were very secretive affairs those days. I remember when I was seven years old and my brother, two years older, and my sister, seven years older, were all sent away on a visit to our Uncle George Pierce's, and when we came back the next day there was a new baby in the house. My brother and I were completely surprised and I never did ask my sister, a girl of fourteen then, if she was but I often wondered. I do not need to mention the difference now. My daughter and daughters-in-law, and all the other young mothers in the land, announce happily their pregnancies and their children share delightedly in the progress toward the coming event.

All you had to do to be a doctor was study a year or two in a doctor's office reading what books he had and then take a year or two in a medical college. Time spent in many years practice made many of these older physicians of the 1870's and 1880's very much aware of the problems they had to face. Consumption invaded every neighborhood; scarlet fever took three young children in my wife's family; epidemics of diphtheria ran rampant in communities and schools—No. 6 had one; measles and whooping cough were widespread; typhoid fever prevailed in the summer season. It is not any wonder then that sometimes all the children of a family died of one or other of all these diseases. Preventive measures, inoculations and vaccinations were not known or even dreamed of.

Linnie Pierce was the daughter of Ann George Pierce, my own first cousin. As a girl of about twenty-one years of age, and of the same age as my sister, she came to teach the school in No. 6 in the fall of 1887 where my two brothers and I attended school. She was coughing badly but continued teaching until after New Year's when she had to give up and go to bed in our home with an advanced case of tuberculosis. This niece of my father had no home to go to as her mother was left to take care of her two children, so she was staying at our home at the time.

My father and mother were panic stricken at the thought of an active case of consumption living and dying in their home. There were no hospitals, no sanatariums, no homes for these cases, so they accepted the situation with many misgivings. The parlor was given over to the patient and there she stayed until her death early in April of 1888. My mother knew nothing about the tubercle bacillus, but her good common sense told her that there must be separate dishes and separate everything, and practically complete isolation of all the children of the family from the patient and the sick room. None of us had any signs or symptoms of the disease during our lives.

Doctors had a hard row to hoe, so many of their patients died. Herbs, potions, poultices and some well known drugs could not prevail against these virulent epidemics. The tubercle bacillus as the cause of consumption was never heard of, also the pneumococcus and diphtheria germ or that great array of viruses and organisms that produce most of our disease of today and for which we have vaccines and inoculation.

They did not know that cholera infantum that took so many lives of children in that day was due to unclean, polluted, bacteria infested milk. Pasteurized milk was unknown and unheard of. Fortunately for us, the children of this family all detested milk, probably because it was always warm. There was no refrigeration or ice houses in those days. Besides, milk was not considered an essential article of food. It was only used for a short time from weaning time for the baby until he or she could take his or her place at the table in the high chair and enjoy a modified meal of meat and potatoes and whatever food the table provided.

The average life expectancy in 1880 was thirty years. Today in 1955 it is sixty-five years and still going up, all of this due to the progress in medicine, sanitation, and in the modern way of living. Never wish again for "the good old days."

MY SISTER MARTHA

My sister, Martha, being the eldest of a family of four children, naturally assumed a great deal of the responsibilities in helping her mother in the care of the family. Grandmother George was blind, but she had a wonderful mind and had a great desire to know what was going on in the family and in the world outside. My sister read to her everything that was available, including those continued stories in "The Family Story Paper", successor to the defunct New York Ledger. I do not remember those stories but I do remember some of the authors and the titles – "Ivan the Serf" by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., "The Woman in White" by Wilkie Collins, and "Cameron Pride" by Mary J. Holmes. About this time there appeared in our section on the Saturday morning train from Utica the Utica Saturday Globe. The Utica Saturday Globe really revolutionized the newspaper industry. It was the first paper to publish pictures of current events and to go into full details of lurid and sensational crimes.

My sister advanced rapidly in her school work and at an early age took the examinations for third grade certificate that was issued at that time by the School Commissioner. Having passed that examination, she became a teacher in the local schools. I remember going to school to my sister in No. 6.

Later she became acquainted with a young man, Frank Northup, from the Barnes Settlement area and they were married at our home on February

22, 1888. It was a large home wedding with all the relatives, friends and neighbors present. Frank Northup was the son of John Northup and Helen Overrocker, families well known and highly respected in the Town of Alexandria.

My brother, Will, was two years older than I and was my constant companion all through the years. If we had been twins, I do not believe we could have been closer to each other. We must have started school together because we were in the same classes year after year. Being younger, I was always a little behind my brother. I just tagged along. There wasn't much grading. You started as a group, for example, in arithmetic one year you started in long division and continued through fractions and decimals and percentage, stocks and bonds and as far as you could go. The next year you moved up a bit and started all over, but this time in fractions and repeated the whole work all over, and this continued year after year until you had really accomplished the great task, you got through the book. You had finished your rule of three, square root, cube root, arithmetical and geometrical progression and measurements as laid out in Robinson's Shorter Course in Arithmetic.

The same held true in "Barnes History of the United States". You went through the book from cover to cover every year as you did your geography and all the other subjects.

It isn't much wonder then that these fundamentals were so indelibly impressed upon you that you could never forget. Today, as seventy years ago, I can rattle off the towns of Jefferson County, the counties of the State of New York, and the states of the Union just as I did then.

As we went to school together, so we went everywhere together — fishing at Hyde Lake, Goose Bay and Cranberry Creek; swimming in a swimming hole in the back field or at Hyde Lake or Flat Rock Creek; skating in the swamp or among the shag bark hickories in John Bauder's woods; gathering the apples in the fall; digging the potatoes; taking part in all the games, and helping in all the work.

The Potsdam Normal Baseball team of 1896. *Front row, Burke-p, Regan-r.f. Second row, Brown-c.f., Delos-s.s., Bradshaw-*1 *b, Clark,-*3 *b, back row, Dunn-*2*b, George-c, Witherall-l.f.*

Baseball then, as now, was the great American game, and as we gradually grew up we outgrew one old cat – three players; two old cat – four players; scrub – five or more players, and finally emerged into a regular baseball nine. Our team was the Plessis team and for many years our prestige was very high and we met and won most of our games. My brother, Will, was the pitcher and I was the catcher. We played at Field Days, which were common then in every town, and at Fairs all through northern Jefferson and St. Lawrence counties. I can name many of them now—Ogdensburg, Gouverneur, Hammond, Philadelphia, Omar, LaFargeville, Redwood, Theresa, Evans Mills, and some of them over and over year after year. And who was on that team – Frank Makepeace, 1 b.; Will Northrup, 2 b.; Willie Waltz, s. s.; Horatio Norton, 3. b.; Vince Tassey, r.f.; Frank Boyer, c. f.; Charles Dickhart, l. f.; Jack George, c.; and Will George, p.

Moving along through the years, my brother, Will, went to school at Redwood for a year and then entered Potsdam Normal School from which he graduated in 1894. Following his graduation he taught school at Plessis and Felts Mills. At Felts Mills he met and married Lida Dunn on February 26, 1900, an associate teacher with him in the Felts Mills school. He then entered the bank at Clayton where he learned the banking business very thoroughly. When a new bank was opened in Watkins Glen, New York, he was called to head that bank as cashier. This position he held until his sudden death from coronary occlusion on May 11, 1927. He left his wife and a daughter, Ruth, and son, John L. George.

Our boarding house group at Potsdam Normal 1892. *First row: Rutherford, Hotis, brother Will. Second row: Van Ness, John D. George.*

So far I haven't mentioned my brother, Harry. He is seven years younger than I, the youngest of the family. Being the youngest he was the pride and joy of everyone of the family – the one my brother, Will, and I could play tricks on and tantalize and tease to the breaking point sometimes. But we loved him just the same and he grew up a wonderful boy. He went to school his appointed time at No. 6. I know that. I taught school there two years and he was a pupil of mine. He also went to Redwood High School and when he had graduated, taught school at No. 6 and Barnes Settlement. When my mother died the home was left very empty and lonely, and only my father and brother were left to run the big farm. This they continued to do, as I have stated, for many years until my brother was married to Koral House on June 16, 1909. They continued on the farm for some time and then sold it to Perl Babcock, the present owner. They moved to Redwood where they have resided ever since. They have one son, Harold, who lives in Redwood and does a thriving business in gas and oil.

After my mother's death on July 28, 1901, and the year in which I graduated from Medical College at McGill University, in Montreal, my father's life was very much upset. My sister had now been married for many years; my brother, Will, was married and my younger brother, Harry, was left alone with him on the farm. They secured a nephew, Charles George, and his wife, Cassie, to come and live with them and take over part at least of the work and responsibility of the household and farm work. This lasted several years and then my brother,Harry, married Koral House in 1909. My father visited for long periods at our home in Verona, with my sister in Ludlow, Vermont, and my brother, Will, at Watkins Glen, New York. He left our home in Verona in the fall of 1917 to spend the winter with his daughter in Ludlow. He fell while there and broke his hip and he never walked again. I visited him there several times and was there at the time of his death on May 20, 1919.

My father and mother are both buried in Plessis Cemetery and the monument which marks their graves is plainly lettered: John B. George, Sergt. Co. I 35 N. Y. Vols. 1838 - 1919 and Ann, his wife, 1841 - 1901. My sister, Martha George Northup, is also buried in this same plot and the inscription on the back of this monument is: Martha Northup, 1866-1930.

After many happy years had gone by and I had rehearsed over and over again the school work at No. 6, I spent a short year in the Village School at Philadelphia, N.Y. I took the examination for third grade certificate and having passed became fully qualified at the age of 17 to teach school. So it was I taught the fall and winter term of school at No. 6 in the year 1891-1892 and again 1892-1893 for 5½ for the first term and 6¼ per week for the second.

1892 was a busy summer. The old house built in 1841 was moved away from its foundation and another beautiful 2-story house with a large wing stands on the old foundation and looks as wonderful and fine as it did 63 years ago.

My brother, Will, and I did much of the work on this new home of ours. I selected the stones that were the front wall and drew them from the Nixon lot. They are the graded stone for depth to take the place of the concrete blocks of today. We put on the siding, laid the floors, nailed on the lath and were all around handy men for the crude carpenter work. Siding lumber was $7 per thousand, finished pine $20 and the boss carpenter was paid $2.25 per day and the second man $2.00 for a 10-hour day.

On about January 20, 1893 I entered Potsdam State Normal School for a 4-year classical course — 3 years of subject matter, 1 year of teaching methods and teaching. The first three years were similar to a high school course.

I followed along with Caesar through the Gaelic Wars. Kept along with Cicero in his oratorical outbursts at Rome and followed the wandering Aeneas through 6 books of Latin poetry. In Greek I followed Xenophons Anabasis and tried to master Homer's highly idiomatic "Iliad." In mathematics, we ran the full gamut of beginning and advanced algebra, plane and solid geometry, trigonometry and surveying. Then there were the English courses and the histories, music and drawing and others.

Most of our teachers were professors of long experience and many of them demanded perfection. My average for the 4 years was 91.

Having had good ground work at home on the Plessis baseball team I had no trouble in making the Potsdam Normal team for 3 years. I caught during all that time, had a good throwing arm to second base and headed the batting list. We played St. Lawrence twice each year and many of the surrounding teams: Massena, Norwood, Gouverneur and others. We had a good team and more than broke even for those 3 years and I have the personnel of that team and the picture. Bradshaw, 1st b.; Dunn, 2d b.; Delo, s. s.; Clark, 3d b..; Regan, rf.; Brown, cf.; Wetherall, lf.; Burke, p.; George, c.

Football had only just started at Potsdam and my brother, Will, who was 2 years in advance of me in the Normal, was instrumental in organizing a regular season in football competition. Being hard-up for players he induced my friend Rutherford and I to play the ends against the well-coached St. Lawrence University team at Canton. I will always remember that game — three rangy backs coming around my end and, with no blocking, bowling me over and using Rutherford and I as pushovers in a badly equipped and uncoached team.

During the next 3 years Potsdam Normal developed powerful teams and I was Captain and quarterback of that team for the season of 1894 and 1895.

We were a self-coached team and knew nothing of the fantastic game of today. It was all straight line power plays, no passes, no intricate shifting of line or backfield — just a line-up many times with consecutive plays without calling signals that caught the opposition off guard for the hurried plays and was a help in winning many games.

I have the finely preserved picture of that team of Potsdam Normal, 1895, and its personnel.

The line: Burke, r. e.; Mahoney, r. t.; Perrin, r. g.; O'Brien, c.; Regan, l. g.; Carnal, l. t.; O'Brien, l. e.

Backfield: Barnett, r. h.; Rutherford, l. h.; Dunn, f. b.; George q. b. and captain.

Others in the picture are Horton and Sanford of the team and my brother, Will, on a visit for the Grand Public debate in which I took part and had the honor of winning with my partner, Kellogg.

And as far as basketball was concerned — it was not even heard of.

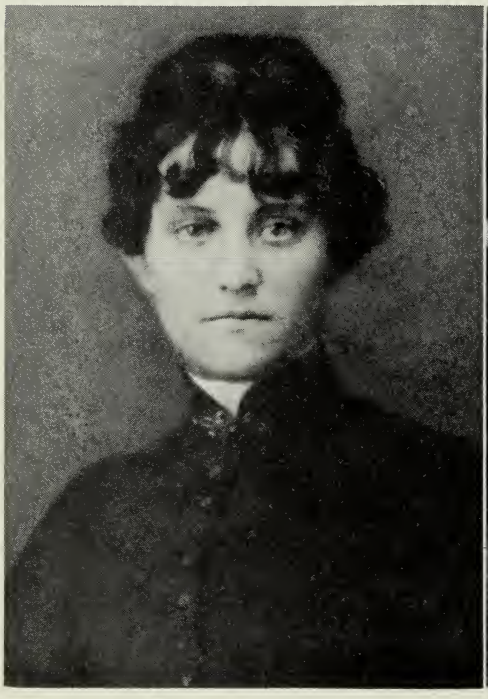
After graduation I secured the principalship of a small school at Southwick, Mass., that later began the school centralization movement.

There were 3 departments in the school and the children came from all the sparsely populated hills and mountains around and about Southwick.

I know it was a successful year and I was urged to return but after talking with Bill Witherbee of Potsdam who had already completed two years at McGill and consulting with my friend Rutherford and, of course, my father and mother, we decided to go to McGill University Medical College at Montreal.

And so as roommates and classmates for 4 years we entered McGill in September 1897, and graduated in June 1901.

The Potsdam Normal Football Team



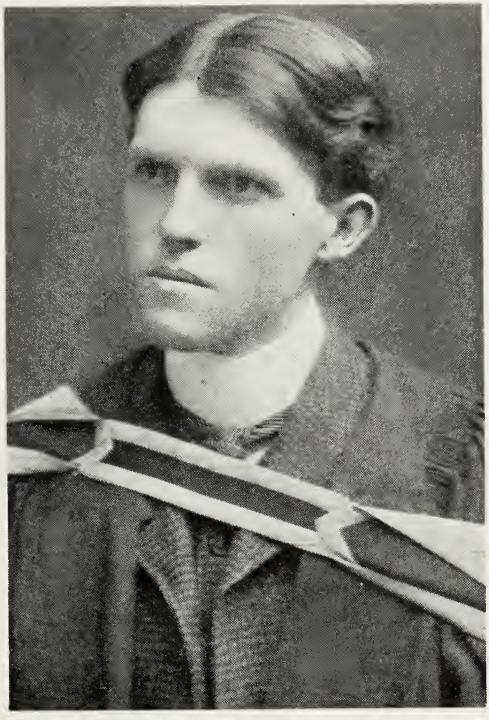
My sister Martha
18 *years of age*

My father John B. George, my brother Will and daughter Ruth
1914

McGill was conservatively Canadian with a strong British accent and some of its professors and teachers were from England. It had at that time and still has, an outstanding reputation as a Medical College.

One of the professors I remember so well was Dr. Francis J. Shepherd. Every morning for 1 hour for 2 years he held our class of 100 magnetized on possibly the driest subject in the world, the anatomy of the human body. Whether it was a gall bladder which he held in his hand, the human brain or a bundle of dry bones, he held his class spellbound throughout. He called the roll only once or twice a year, but there were no absences.

I remember also those last 2 years of clinics at the Royal Victoria Hospital and the Montreal General. The class was divided into two groups, one half at each hospital, in the elevated, semi-circular clinic room. Here the patients were wheeled in on their cots in charge of the professor of medicine or surgery



McGill Graduation Picture. 1901

or of whatever category. What was the history; what were the symptoms; what might it be and finally, what was the diagnosis? Diagnosis — Diagnosis — Diagnosis was the all important theme in all these 2-hour clinics every afternoon for 2 years. I have been repaid many times for this thorough indoctrination into differential diagnosis through all my years of practice.

And so finally, after 4 interesting years, I graduated with the degree of Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery in June, 1901.

CHILDREN OF JOHN BRODHEAD GEORGE AND MARTHA ANN PECK

Martha George, born February 25, 1866, *died August* 26, 1930, *married Frank Northup.*

William Storms George, born December 26, 1871, *died June* 11, 1927, *married Lida Dunn on February* 2, 1900. *Lida Dunn born September* 31, 1873, *died December* 26, 1945.

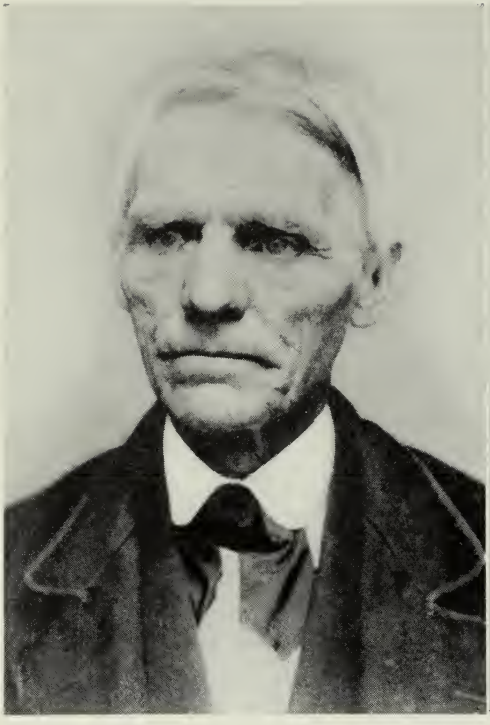
John Dean George, born October 13, 1873, *married June* 8, 1904 *to Maude Luana Eggleston who was born on July* 31, 1882.

Harry H. George, born August 2, 1880, *married June* 16, 1909 *to Koral House who was born in October of* 1892.

This is our family, born in a wood-colored house at No. 6, Town of Alexandria, in the years from 1866 to 1880. I would not say it was a distinguished family. I would say it was just an ordinary family.

Part II

THE PECK FAMILY



ALEXANDER DEAN PECK
AND
ELIZABETH HOLLETT PECK
MY
GRANDPARENTS

The Peck Family

This is the history of the Peck family based, for the most part, on the Volume by Ira Peck entitled, "Genealogical History of the Descendents of Joseph Peck who emigrated to this Country with his family in 1638 and records of his father's and grandfather's families in England, with a pedigree extending back from son to father for 20 generations."

This volume was printed by Alfred Mudge and Son in 1868 and is now in the New York State Library at Albany, New York.

I saw this genealogical table of the Peck family of 20 generations in England going back to the 12th century. So the Peck family has a long and authentic heritage.

This volume by Ira Peck has only to do with the family in its migration from Hingham, England, and landing in Hingham, Massachusetts in 1638, through many generations and more than 200 years to the time of the printing of this book in 1868.

My mother, Martha Ann Peck, and my grandfather, Alexander Dean Peck, and my own personal knowledge of many members of the Peck family has given me the opportunity to trace the history of the Peck family from 1868 to the present time, a period of nearly 100 years.

I have the photostatic copies of the pages of all these members of the Peck family, generation after generation, from Joseph Peck, the emigrant ancestor, and have made a condensed story of their lives from the Ira Peck history down to and including my mother, Martha Ann Peck.

The pages noted in this writing and the information secured are from the corresponding pages of the photostatic copies that I have.

Each member of the Peck family in this volume, in the long and exact research the author has made, has a number. Joseph Peck was No. 1, my mother No. 756.

Joseph Peck, Sr. was baptized in Beccle, Suffolk, England, April 30, 1537. He was the son of Robert Peck. It was he, who in 1638, together with other Puritans and with his brother, Robert Peck, their pastor, fled from the persecution of the Church of England.

They came over in the ship the DILIGENT of IPSWICH, John Martin, Master.

Daniel Cushing of Hingham, Massachusetts, Town Clerk, makes this recording:

> "Mr. Joseph Peck and his wife with 2 sons and daughter and 2 man servants and 3 maid servants came from old Hingham, England and settled in New Hingham, Massachusetts."

Of Joseph Peck, the emigrant ancestor, also known as the Massachusetts Peck, I have the written record of his life made by me in the Albany State Library in September, 1952.

Herewith is an easily followed generation by generation record for 11 generations, heads of families only for simplicity's sake, from Joseph Peck, the emigrant ancestor to America in 1638, to the time of this writing, 1954.

I Generation — Joseph Peck Married Rebecca Clark
II Generation — Joseph Peck, Jr. Married, wife's name not known
III Generation — Jathniel Peck Married Sarah Smith
IV Generation — Ichabod Peck Married Judith Paine
V Generation — Ichabod Peck Married Lydia Wolcott
VI Generation — Ichabod Peck, Jr. Married Mary Dean
VII Generation — Alexander Dean Peck Married Elizabeth Hollett
VIII Generation — Martha Ann Peck Married John Brodhead George
IX Generation — John Dean George Married Maude Luana Eggleston

CHILDREN OF JOSEPH PECK AND REBECCA CLARK

1. *Anna, baptized in Hingham, England, March* 12, 1618. *Buried there July* 27, 1638.
2. *Rebecca, baptized in Hingham, England, March* 28, 1620.
3. *Joseph, baptized in Hingham, England August* 23, 1623.
4. *John, baptized about* 1626.
5. *Nicholas, baptized April* 29, 1630 *in England.*
6. *Samuel, baptized in Hingham, England February* 3, 1638.
7. *Nathaniel and Israel, baptized in Hingham, Massachusetts.*

Joseph Peck was married to Rebecca Clark in Hingham, England May 3, 1617. She died and was buried there October 24, 1637. The name of his second wife is not given.

Joseph Peck (I) was of the gentry entitled to a coat of arms, who ranked to Baronets. In this volume by Ira Peck is the picture of the Coat of Arms. He received grants of land and remained in Hingham seven years when he removed to Seeconk, Massachusetts. While in Hingham he was a leading man there, a representative of the Court, Selectman, Justice of the Peace, Assessor, and filled other positions. Moving to Seeconk, they sheltered themselves in an Indian wigwam. A fire broke out that burned all their belongings and burned to death three horses. In the records of Seeconk he is rated as one of the leading men. The court gave him the authority to marry and because of the grants of land he was rated as wealthy.

Rheoboth in Massachusetts is also mentioned in connection with this Joseph Peck, the ancestor. All of these names, strange to us these days — Seeconk, Rheoboth, Hingham — are thriving towns and cities in Massachusetts in 1955.

I make mention in considerable detail of this ancestor of ours to show what kind of a man he was — deeply religious, baptizing his children, entitled to distinction in the land of his birth and more than ever so in his new

found home in the colony of Massachusetts. A copy of his will is on the old colony records, Book of Wills, Second Part, Volume 2, Folio 12.

Joseph Peck, Jr. (2) was born in England and baptized August 23, 1623 and came over with his father in 1638 being then about 15 years of age. He removed with his family from Hingham, Massachusetts to Seeconk in 1645 and settled with his father at Seeconk plain.

His name appears frequently upon the records of the town: on a committee to levy tax for the minister, to view damage to the Indian corn on Kickencuit and Consumpsit Necks. He advanced money for the prosecution of King Philip's War. In 1660 he left the plain and settled in Rheoboth. Remains of old cellar and wall are still to be seen. Here he lived and died and a copy of his will pp. 30, 31, 32 is found in this volume and entered in the records at Taunton, Massachusetts. The name of his wife is not given.

Here are his children:

CHILDREN OF THE THIRD GENERATION

1. *Rebecca, born November* 6, 1650.
2. *Hannah, born March* 25, 1653.
3. *Elizabeth, born November* 26, 1657.
4. *Jathniel, born July* 24, 1660.
5. *Mary, born November* 17, 1662.
6. *Ichabod, born September* 13, 1666.
7. *Patience, born October* 11, 1669.
8. *Samuel, born October* 11, 1672.

Jathniel (3), son of Joseph (2), settled near his father. He became a man of wealth and influence. He was a representative in the General Court in 1721-22, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. He took an active part in the church and helped to build the church at Palmer River. He and his wife are buried near the church at Orleans Factory. The tombstones of Jathniel Peck and his wife were in a good state of preservation in 1868. Following are the inscriptions upon them:

> "In memory of Jathniel Peck, deceased April ye 5, 1742 in ye 82 years of his age. REV. 14-13. 'Blessed are ye dead which die in ye Lord.'"
> "Here lies the body of Mrs. Sarah Peck ye wife of Jathniel Peck dec'd June ye 4th 1717 in ye 47 year of her age. 'The sweet remembrance of ye just shall flourish when they sleep in dust.' Psalms 112-6."

He deeded his lands to his children. Deed recorded Taunton, Massachusetts. He married Sarah Smith February 28, 1688.

CHILDREN OF FOURTH GENERATION PP. 34

9. *Daniel, born January* 30, 1690.
10. *Ichabod, born March* 9, 1691.
11. *Solomon, born September* 21, 1692.
12. *Esther, born April* 30, 1694.
13. *Ebenezer, born September* 20, 1697.
14. *Sarah, born March* 1, 1699.

15. *Rebecka, born October* 10, 1700.
16. *Joseph, born April* 16, 1702.
17. *Ann, born April* 7, 1704.
18. *Beryanui, born January* 18, 1706.
19. *Elizabeth, born October* 31, 1707.
20. *Henry, born December* 7, 1709.
21. *Nathaniel, born September* 14, 1712.

Ichabod Peck (4), son of Jathniel (3), pp. 40, is in the line of descent of our family and he settled in Cumberland, R. I. He purchased lands there and was the owner of large tracts of land. He held office in Attleboro and Cumberland. His old well, now by the roadside, is still in use. He married Judith Paine, daughter of Samuel Paine. She died November 26, 1778. He died July 8, 1773. His will is in the Cumberland Probate records, Book 5, pp. 97 and 350.

CHILDREN OF FIFTH GENERATION PP. 40

32. *Judith, born September* 16, 1720.
33. *Ichabod, born February* 4, 1722.
34. *Seth, born February* 13, 1724.
35. *Mary, born June* 18, 1726.
36. *Joseph, born September* 16, 1728.
37. *Rebecca, born May* 18, 1731.
38. *Solomon, born April* 19, 1733.
39. *Oliver, born February* 5, 1737.
40. *Beryanin, born September* 12, 1739.

Ichabod Peck (5) son of Ichabod Peck (4) born and resided in Cumberland, R. I., enlisted in the War of the Revolution, was promoted to Lieut. Colonel, as I am told, was wounded and died of his wounds in service. He is said to have been a brave officer. He married Lydia Walcott Feb. 28, 1750. Cumberland Records, Book 1., Page 4.

CHILDREN SIXTH GENERATION PP. 46

94. *Mary, born January* 14, 1752.
95. *Daniel, born May* 4, 1756.
96. *Seth, born February* 22, 1757.
97. *Lydia, born February* 17, 1759.
98. *Ichabod, born November* 26, 1761.
99. *Jeremah, born June* 7, 1765.
100. *Joseph, born September* 12, 1767.

Ichabod Peck (6), son of Ichabod Peck (5), born November 26, 1761. "Settled first in New Hampshire then in Fulton County, New York, near Johnstown where he died May 1, 1848. He married Mary Dean in 1780; she died in Hadley, Saratoga County, N. Y., in 1814." I have this record of his Military Service from the State House Commission, Providence, R. I. Quote: "The

Revolutionary Service of Ichabod Peck Jr. — Born in Cumberland, R. I. November 26, 1759 or 1761 — Enlisted in Cumberland, R. I., June 1, 1777 in Capt. Johnson's Co., Col. John Tophanis's Regt. Served as private to March 16, 1778, also served in Col. Crary's Regt. 1778-1779. He was in the battle of Dorchester Heights, Long Island, Trenton, Sullivan's expeditions, also Massachusetts Service. — Data from a copy of pensions statement on file at Washington, D. C."

Also, there follows in this statement from Rhode Island a long list of monthly reports quoted from this military returns — State Archives, Vol. 3, pp. 29; another from June 16 to July 18, 1778 (Shiply Selection R. I. Historical Society, pp. 141) and many others, the last being from February 16 to March 16, 1779. All this from a letter received by me from Grace M. Sherwood, State Record Commission, Providence, Rhode Island, July 28, 1952.

(1) In the public library in Oneida, N.Y. is found the four volumes of the Index and 150 volumes of the list of the members of the Daughters of the American Revolution. In that list I found at least six members who gained membership in the D.A.R. from Ichabod Peck, b. 1721 and Ichabod Peck, Jr., b. 1761. Among these was my first cousin, Cora Peck, born in the town of Alexandria, N.Y. and whom I knew and who has in Vol. 3 of the index and volume 108, pp. 218 of the Lineage book of the D.A.R., a national membership No. 107661. Her name on joining was Mrs. Cora Peck Amidson. Probably every chapter will have these volumes.

(2) An additional record of the Revolutionary service of Ichabod Peck, b. 1721 and Ichabod Jr., b. 1761 of Cumberland, R.I. may be obtained by writing to the Department of the Army, Office of the Adjutant General, Washington, D.C.

This completes the military record of Ichabod Peck, Jr., our Revolutionary ancestor, and my great-grandfather who served under Washington at the battle of Trenton and no doubt made that historic crossing of the Delaware under his command.

Now, leaving the military record of Ichabod Peck and taking up his life as best we can, we find that in the history of Fulton County at the Court House in Fonda, "Ichabod Peck of Gloversville was born Nov. 26, 1761, and came to this county from N.H. and settled in Johnstown township. His wife was Mary Dean whom he married in 1780 but they afterwards moved to Saratoga County."

Apparently, after the death of his wife in Hadley, Saratoga County, in 1814, he returned to Fulton County. My Aunt, Elizabeth Peck Taylor, told me that my grandfather, Alexander Dean Peck, was 6 years old when his mother, Mary Dean, died. And that my grandfather was brought up by his aunts, his father marrying again.

Mary Dean, wife of Ichabod Peck is buried along with her husband in Watrous Cemetery, Fulton County, N.Y. Authority: DAR Graves of Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in N.Y. State, Vol. 8, pp 41. (Volume in N.Y. State Library)

In a deed of June 6, 1830, recorded June 26, 1830, and found in Johnstown County Clerk's Office, pp. 409, Vol. 8, of transcribed deeds — David

Everest of Ephratah deeds to Ichabod Peck and his wife, Elizabeth, lot no. 2, about 41 chains from Caroga Creek, 50 acres. Elizabeth was his second wife.

In the New York State Census, 1845, records, Department No. 1, Ephratah, pp. 197, in the Fonda Court House is found this record of Ichabod Peck. "Males in family, 2; Females in family, 2; subject to military duty, 1; entitled to vote, 1; Improved Acres, 20; Acres to buckwheat, 1; Raised, 20 bu.; Born in N. Y., 3; Born in N. E., 1; Females under 16, 1; No. of neat cattle, 3; Under 1 yr., 1; Over, 2; Cows milked, 1; Pounds of butter previous year, 80; No. of horses owned, 2." So our ancestor, at 87 years of age, on his 50-acre farm had a settled, rural life in the town of Ephratah, Fulton County, New York. We do not know whether the girl under 16 and the male subject to military service were his son and daughter by his second wife.

We also found in the records of the burial places of Revolutionary Soldiers, compiled and indexed by the Montgomery Co. Dept. of Archives and History at Fonda Court House, that: — "Ichabod Peck died 4.28.1848, A 89 years. Grave is in the Watrous Cemetery opposite school house between Caroga and Lasselville, Fulton Co., N. Y."

And we also found in the record of the Book of Deaths in Johnstown Court House, 1847-48 — "Ichabod Peck died Apr. 31, 1848. A. 90, in Ephratah. A Revolutionary Soldier, died of old age, and Elizabeth Peck, his wife, died in Ephratah, Nov. 22, 1848. A. 74, of old age."

In our search for the Watrous Cemetery, Sept. 16, 1952, we found it 2.2 miles from the easterly village sign of Lasselville going East on Route 29. This Cemetery is very small, perhaps 80 x 40 feet, on the lefthand side of the road from Lasselville opposite an abandoned school house. It is very difficult to find, in its present condition, being overgrown with high weeds, goldenrod, undergrowth and surrounded by a high woven wire fence. It is possibly a private cemetery. It is possible that Ichabod Peck's second wife may have been a Watrous. There was no evidence of it in this cemetery. All we found was that his second wife's name was Elizabeth. The real Watrous Cemetery is close outside Lasselville going East.

If you are looking for this small cemetery where Ichabod Peck is buried, remember the directions. In the cemetery I finally found a stone about 18" x 4', lying on the ground face down. Turning it over and penciling the inscription, I made out "Ichabod Peck died Apr. 28, 1848. Age 89 yrs." There is a foot marker, "I. P." I took pictures of this stone. This completes the long life story of our Revolutionary ancestor, Ichabod Peck, both Civil and Military. The search has been long and difficult, but the satisfaction of finding all of this Certified data of his life very gratifying.

CHILDREN SEVENTH GENERATION PP. 56

278. *Mary, born January* 15, 1782.
279. *Sarah, born* 1784.
280. *Charles, born January,* 1786.
281. *Lydia, born* 1788.
282. *George, born January* 17, 1795.
283. *Samuel, born* 1797, *died* 1813.
284. *Oliver, born* 1800.
285. *Sally Ann, born* 1805, *died* 1807.
286. *Alexander, born February* 18, 1808.

Alexander Dean Peck (7), son of Ichabod Peck (6),, "Settled in Jefferson County at Alexandria where he was residing in 1864. He is a carpenter and joiner by trade and occupation. He married Elizabeth Hollett, daughter of Joseph Hollett, November 4, 1830. She was born August 21, 1805."

CHILDREN OF THE EIGHTH GENERATION PP. 85

751. *George A., born September* 29, 1832.
752. *Joseph B., born July* 25, 1834; *died March* 1835.
753. *Charles, born November* 7, 1835; *died July* 19, 1847.
754. *Elizabeth, born December* 15, 1837.
755. *Sarah Hane, born April* 14, 1839.
756. *Martha Ann born April* 1, 1841.
757. *John, born August* 26, 1843.
758. *Daniel, born January* 5, 1847.

George A. married A. Merrell.
Elizabeth married George Taylor.
Sarah Jane married John Overoker.
Martha Ann married John Brodhead George December 29, 1864.

This is the end of the Peck story by Ira Peck and the Volume of Peck History published in 1868. From this time on, and before, in the history of my grandfather, Alexander Dean Peck, I have almost complete knowledge of his life and that of his family and the generations that follow.

My Grandfather Peck was born February 18, 1808 and his daughter, Elizabeth Taylor Peck, told me that he was born in Gloversville and that his Aunt brought him up. He was six years old when his mother, Mary Dean, died in Hadley, Saratoga County, which makes it quite possible that he was born there. At any rate, he grew up in Fulton County and there married his wife, Elizabeth Hollett, November 4, 1830.

He purchased a parcel of land October 7, 1834, and recorded October 29, 1834, pp. 138, Book 11, in transcribed deeds, found in Johnstown Court House. This was a deed of property from John and Margaret Hollett to Alexander D. Peck of the town of Johnstown, bounded on the east by property owned by Joseph Hollett, his father-in-law.

There is also the record of a deed on pp. 243, Book 11, of property from Elisha Bennett and Mary, his wife, to Alexander D. Peck, Town of Johnstown, for $160, half an acre and 10 perches of land with the buildings thereon, dated March 10, 1835 and recorded in the Court House at Johnstown March 7, 1837.

So my grandfather had a home and buildings and no doubt learned his carpenter trade in Fulton County. His daughter, Sarah Jane, was born in Gloversville in 1839 and my mother, Martha Ann Peck, was born in Barnes Settlement in 1841, so he must have made the long journey to Barnes Settlement, Town of Alexandria, Jefferson County, New York, in 1840.

My Aunt Lib says, "He drove a team of horses from Gloversville to Barnes Settlement bringing his family and belongings with him." There he built his house where my mother was born April 1, 1841. This house is still standing

on the Barnes Settlement-Alexandria Bay road. It is on the right-hand side of the road at the top of the very long, rugged hill that dips way down to the level of the Goose Bay Marsh and there is the bridge that crosses the stream that empties into this marsh-land of the St. Lawrence River. Here Grandfather Peck built a sawmill and the dam that backed up the water to provide the power to operate the mill and saw the logs to build the houses and barns and other buildings in the Town of Alexandria. This mill he operated for possibly 10 or 15 years.

My Grandfather Peck must have been a very industrious man because, in a small folder-booklet that I have in my possession, are carried the items of his many days of labor in building such houses as the Parker, the Josiah Smith, the Overocker, the Northrup houses and many more. He worked also on the Crossman House at Alexandria Bay. In this booklet is his calendar during the 1850's. For instance, the building of the William Overocker house, his calendar runs like this – starting May 28–29–30–31 – June 1–2–3–4–5–6–7–8–9–10 –11–12–13–14–15–etc., a dot over each day he worked, until the house was completed on October 7. This house was built in 1850 and this little booklet is filled with penciled items of many accounts and the sale of thousands of feet of lumber.

So this was the life of this industrious grandparent, operating the sawmill to provide the lumber and building the houses to supplant the log houses that existed up until that time.

My grandfather was a large, rawboned man, 6 feet tall with a strong face, blue eyes, and powerfully built. I know this because I was 18 years old when he died.

My grandmother, Elizabeth Hollett, whom, of course, I never saw, as she died July 7, 1873, must have been small like my mother – about 5 ft. 1 in. tall, round of face and blue eyes. Aunt Lib says of my grandmother, "She was always well, a great worker – she was baking pies that day when she fell into a rocking chair with a shock. This was Tuesday. Another shock Thursday, and she died Sunday, on the 7th day of July, 1873."

We were able to get only a little of the life of the Holletts in Fulton County – only the record of a purchase of land by Joseph Hollett next to my grandfather's farm and Ira Peck's story that Elizabeth Hollett was the daughter of Joseph Hollett. Also in Barnes Settlement Cemetery is the gravestone, "Mary, wife of Joseph Hollett, died Apr. 18, 1850, in her 80th year."

Joseph Hollett's wife was Mary Mason; who her parents were, we were unable to find. The records of Fulton County of births, deaths and marriages at that early time were not existent.

The children of Joseph Hollett and Mary Mason were Sarah, Nancy, Patty, Elizabeth, John, Purdy and Isaac. Mary Mason Hollett, after her husband's death, came with her son, John Hollett, to Barnes Settlement and lived with him until his death when she went to her daughter's home to live with her daughter, Elizabeth Hollett Peck, wife of Alexander Dean Peck.

This is a quotation from my Aunt "Lib", (Elizabeth Peck Taylor), "Mary Mason was small and very nice looking, was sick only one day and died when I was only 10 years old. She was my grandmother."

There were records of Masons living in Gloversville — records of Masons baptized in the Presbyterian Church — even a record of a Mary Mason, but whose huband was not Joseph Hollett. While we were in the Court House at Fonda the archivest there told us that a resident of Rome in the State Health Dept. was even this year doing research work on the Mason family in Fulton County.

The same is true of the parents of Joseph Hollett. No record could be found of his parents. My Aunt Lib never saw him as he died in Gloversville, probably at an early age.

After my grandmother's death, my grandfather had his eldest son, George Peck, bring his family to his home to live with him. After a time he sold his farm to this son and went to Hermon, N. Y. to live with his youngest son, Daniel, who was a cheesemaker and farmer. Here he lived contentedly continuing his carpenter work and aiding around the farm. My Uncle Dan had married Mary Barden and they had four little girls at the time — Martha, Jane, Lou, and Engartha. The mother was taken ill and after a short illness died August 7, 1882.

After his home was broken up, with the death of his wife and the marriage of all his children, my grandfather must have had the wanderlust. When the territory of South Dakota was opened for Homestead Settlement, he went out there , staked his claim on a quarter section, built a small, comfortable cabin and lived alone on that wide, bleak prairie. He established his claim and bought 80 acres more, and finally, after a few years, sold it to two of his grandchildren, Charles and David Taylor.

He then returned to his son, Daniel, at Hermon. My Uncle Dan contracted typhoid fever and after a long illness died. I remember distinctly my father and mother going to Hermon many times during this illness to render what help they could.

My grandfather stayed in that home for a time until homes were arranged for the four grand daughters: Martha Peck, Jane Peck, Lou Peck and Engartha Peck.

He frequently came to our home, always unannounced. He came on the train to Redwood. I have many times driven my grandfather to the train when he was leaving, but never met him at the train for the simple reason we never knew when he was coming. And that, too, was in the days when he was in his 70's, but he was active and alert and independent all of his days.

His granddaughters' affairs having all been attended to, he, at last, after many requests from my mother, decided to come to our home to live. I believe he was happy in our home. In our home there was my father and my mother, my grandmother, Maria Storms George, my brothers, Will and Harry, and I. My sister, Martha, was already married and my brother, Will, was at Potsdam Normal School.

That fall and winter the great Plague, La Grippe, swept the country, especially fatal to the elderly people. I believe that it was comparable to the flu epidemic of 1918 except that the epidemic in the last year of World War I took young and old alike.

My grandfather came down with this disease and after a very few days died December 10, 1891, aged 83 years and 10 months. He is buried in the Barnes Settlement Cemetery in the Town of Alexandria, Jefferson County, N. Y. and the tombstone on which his name, "A. D. Peck died Dec. 10, 1891, age 83 years, 10 months," and the name of his wife, "Elizabeth, wife of A. D. Peck, died July 7, 1873, aged 66 years, 10 months, 16 days," plainly inscribed, is in good condition.

This concludes my story of the Peck family from the time when they arrived in 1638 at Hingham, Massachusetts, from Hingham, England, to the time of my mother, Martha Ann Peck, and my father, John Brodhead George.

I realize that this story of the Peck family may be quite uninteresting for the reason that it is a jumble of facts and figures, days and dates, quotations and duplications, research statements and records. But all of it is based on long research and in it are the basic facts of these many generations. The proof of succession from one generation to another is positive. The labor has been long but interesting, and I trust it will be interesting to any one of our clan who has an interest in family growth and traditions and is also genealogically minded.

(*See opposite page for reproduction of Page* 85 *in the story of Alexander Peck by Ira Peck*)

Continuing the Peck ancestry from the end of the volume by Ira Peck in 1868 and continuing from that volume this certified copy pp. 85 of the story of Alexander Peck, my mother Martha Ann Peck and other members of that family, we find that:

John Brodhead George b. March 13, 1838, Redwood, N.Y., d. May 26, 1919, m. Martha Ann Peck Dec. 29, 1864 b. Alexandria April 1, 1841, d. July 28, 1901.

CHILDREN OF THE NINTH GENERATION

Martha George b. Feb. 25, 1866, *Redwood, N.Y., town of Alexandria*

William Storms George b. Dec. 26, 1871, *Redwood, N.Y., town of Alexandria*

John Dean George b. Oct. 13, 1873, *Redwood, N.Y., town of Alexandria*

Harry H. George b. Aug. 2, 1880, *Redwood, N.Y., town of Alexandria*

Martha George m. Frank Northup Feb. 22, 1888
Martha d. Aug. 26, 1930. Frank d. July 7, 1929.

Harvy J. was residing near Alexandria, Va., unmarried, in 1864.

Lydia M. married Orange R. Lawrence, and was residing in Johnstown in 1864.

Caroline A. married Bradley Vanderburg, and resided in Bleeker, Fulton County, N. Y., in 1864.

Mary E. married Ames Smith, and was residing near Alexandria, Va., in 1864.

Judith A. married Victor Stricker, and was residing at Alexandria, Va., in 1864.

[286.] ALEXANDER[7] PECK, son of ICHABOD,[6] settled in Alexandria, Jefferson County, where he was residing in 1864. He is a carpenter and joiner by trade and occupation. He married Elizabeth Hollet, daughter of Joseph Hollet, November 4, 1830. She was born August 21, 1805.

CHILDREN — EIGHTH GENERATION:

751. George A., b. Sept. 29, 1832.
752. Joseph, b. July 25, 1834. Died March 5, 1835.
753. Charles, b. Nov. 7, 1835. Died July 12, 1847.
754. Elizabeth, b. Dec. 15, 1837.
755. Sarah J., b. April 14, 1839.
756. Martha, b. April 1, 1841.
757. John, b. Aug. 26, 1843.
758. Daniel, b. Jan. 5, 1847.

George A. married Catharine Merrill, daughter of James Merrill. His children were: *George M.*[9]; b. September 21, 1858; *John H.*,[9] b. June 5, 1864; and *Mary*,[9] b. June 17, 1862; resided in Alexandria, Jefferson County, N. Y., in 1864.*

Elizabeth married George Taylor.

Sarah Jane married John Overoker.

Martha was unmarried in 1864.

[287.] GEORGE[7] PECK, son of JEREMIAH,[6] married Phebe Sweet, of Johnston, R. I. He was a stone-cutter by trade, and resided in different places.

CHILDREN — EIGHTH GENERATION:

759. Amanda.
760. Cyril.
761. Harriet.
762. Daniel.
763. ——. Died young.

[288.] LEWIS[7] PECK, son of JEREMIAH,[6] settled at Mount Tabor, Vt., where he died. He married Abigail.

* His children were received too late to be numbered and entered in the index.

Ida Northup b. May 9, 1889, *Redwood, N.Y.*
Alma Northup b. July 30, 1890, *Redwood, N. Y.*
Helen Northup b. Aug. 26, 1895, *Wegatchie, N.Y.*
Florence Northup b. Feb. 22, 1896, *Wegatchie, N.Y.*
Margaret Northup d. in infancy
Howard Northup d. accidentally
Welby Northup b. July 4, 1902, *Morristown, N.Y.*

1. *Ida Northup m. Edwin Taylor, b. Sept.* 15, 1880, *d. Oct.* 27, 1950.
   Children:
   Lawrence Taylor b. May 25, 1916, *Hammond, N.Y., m. Lillian Simpson b. Hammond, N.Y. One child, Linda b. Mar.* 26, 1956 *Ogdensburg, New York.*
   Floyd Taylor b. Apr. 26, 1918, *Hammond, N.Y., m. Velida Cutway Aug.* 30, 1940. *Three children, Wanita b. Feb.* 1, 1943, *Hammond, N.Y.; Wanda b. Apr.* 11, 1941, *Hammond, N.Y.; Sharon b. May* 7, 1949, *Ogdensburg, N.Y.*

2. *Alma Northup m. Claude Richardson Apr.* 27, 1909, *d. May* 20, 1940. *Alma d. Nov.* 26, 1941.
   Children:
   Louis Richardson, b. April 22, 1913, *Ludlow, Vt. m. Kathryn Giles June* 27, 1942. *No children. Married Clara Price November* 30, 1943. *Clara Lou, b. May* 17, 1950, *Oneida, N.Y. Louis E., Jr. b. Sept.* 20, 1953, *Rome, N. Y.*
   Helen Richardson b. Jan. 17, 1917 *m. Harold Murtaugh. One child, Jeanne who married Richard C. Rousseau Nov.* 7, 1953, *b. Canastota, N.Y., Sept.* 30, 1928. *One child Richard C. Rousseau b. July* 31, 1956, *Oneida, N. Y.*

3. *Helen Northup m. Walter Gunnerson Nov.* 10, 1914, *b. Mar.* 29, 1893, *d. Feb.* 1948.
   Children:
   Eunice Gunnerson b. Sept. 10, 1916, *Palatine Bridge, N.Y., m. Adam Wemple.*
   Ruth Gunnerson b. June 24, 1921, *Palatine Bridge, N.Y., m. William McDuffee. One child, Claudia McDuffee b. June* 23, 1944 *Amsterdam, N.Y.*
   Roy Gunnerson b. May 14, 1918, *Ludlow, Vt.*
   Earl Gunnerson b. Feb. 20, 1923, *Palatine Bridge, N.Y. m. Eleanor Thompson, June* 3, 1956

4. *Florence Northup m. Frank Schofield Dec.* 14, 1911, *b. Morristown, N.Y. Dec.* 23, 1883.
   Children:
   Robert E. Schofield b. Feb. 21, 1913, *Ludlow, Vt. m. Irene M. Gardena May* 2, 1935.
   Marsha Ann Schofield b. July 16, 1939, *St. Albans, Vt.*

Michael Eugene Schofield b. June 11, 1942, *St. Albans, Vt.*
Walter Edward Schofield b. Nov. 9, 1943, *St. Albans, Vt.*

Roger Dean Schofield b. June 11, 1914, *St. Albans, Vt., m. Thelma Thomas Feb.* 5, 1935.
Richard Dean b. June 18, 1936, *St. Albans, Vt.*
Sharon Gale b. May 10, 1940, *St. Albans, Vt.*
Thomas Allen b. Oct. 14, 1941, *St. Albans, Vt.*
Crystal Pamela b. Nov. 8, 1943, *St. Albans, Vt.*

Carl Howell Schofield b. Jan. 12, 1916, *St. Albans, Vt., m. Elizabeth Marshall Mar.* 7, 1942 *b. Aug.* 6, 1919.
David Marshall b. July 14, 1943, *Hartford, Conn.*
John Knox b. Nov. 12, 1947, *Watertown, N.Y.*
Stephen Walker b. Oct. 29, 1951, *Ft. Meade, Md.*

Eleanor Martha Schofield b. Mar. 10, 1949, *St. Albans, Vt., m. John Stech, May* 20, 1942, *b. Jan.* 3, 1918.
John Schofield b. Mar. 12, 1943, *St. Albans, Vt.*
Sally Martha b. Oct. 15, 1947, *St. Albans, Vt.*
Susan Jane b. June 12, 1953, *St. Albans, Vt.*

Barbara Helen Schofield b. May 2, 1925, *St. Albans, Vt., m. Stanley Prokaryn Apr.* 12, 1952.
Stanley Schofield b. Nov. 14, 1952, *St. Albans, Vt.*
Stephen Northup b. Nov. 14, 1952, *St. Albans, Vt.*

5. *Welby Northup b. July* 4, 1902, *Morristown, N.Y., d. Apr.* 20, 1956, *m. Ethel Moore, July* 28, 1954, *Mattapan, Mass.*

William Storms George b. Dec. 26, 1871, Redwood, N.Y. d. June 11, 1927, m. Lida Dunn Feb. 2, 1900 b. Dec. 25, 1873, d. Feb. 26, 1945.

CHILDREN OF THE TENTH GENERATION

Ruth George b. Feb. 15, 1902, *Clayton, N.Y.*
John L. George b. Feb. 11, 1904, *Clayton, N.Y.*

1. *Ruth George m. Harry Eigabroadt Aug.* 15, 1927.
Children:
William Eigabroadt b. June 8, 1929, *Amsterdam, N.Y.*
George Eigabroadt b. Apr. 2, 1931, *Amsterdam, N.Y. m. Lois Edna Brown b. Jan* 26, 1926, *Amsterdam, N.Y.; one child, Alan George Eigabroadt b. Weisbaden, Germany Feb.* 13, 1956.
Elizabeth b. May 27, 1943, *Amsterdam, N. Y.*

2. *John L. George m. Addie Seeley Apr.* 7, 1927 *b. Aug* 25, 1900.

John Dean George b. Oct. 13, 1873, Redwood, N.Y. m. Maude Luana Eggleston June 8, 1904, b. July 31, 1882, Antwerp, N.Y.

CHILDREN OF THE TENTH GENERATION

John Richmond b. Dec. 23, 1905, *Verona, N.Y., d. Oct.* 9, 1909, *Burial, Verona Cemetery.*
John Dean, Jr. b. Sept. 28, 1909, *Verona, N.Y.*
Roger Hollett b. June 20, 1911, *Verona, N.Y.*
Warren Eggleston b. May 24, 1913, *Verona, N.Y.*
Mary Shirley b. Sept. 18, 1914, *Verona, N.Y.*
William Brodhead, b. Apr. 22, 1918, *Verona, N.Y.*

1. *John Dean George, Jr. m. Lucie Syracuse May* 9, 1936, *b. Apr.* 12, 1912, *Batavia, N.Y.*

   Children:

   John Dean, III b. Feb. 26, 1939, *Rochester, N.Y.*
   David Richmond b. Apr. 13, 1941, *Oneida, N.Y.*
   Robert William b. Jan. 8, 1943, *Oneida, N.Y.*
   Janet Mason b. Feb. 9, 1948, *Oneida, N.Y.*

2. *Roger Hollett George m. Loretta Halleck July* 25, 1942, *b. Feb.* 8, 1911, *Oswego, N.Y.*

   Children:

   Roger Hollett, Jr. b. May 30, 1943, *Langley Field, Va.*
   Victoria Halleck b. June 22, 1945, *Truax Field, Madison, Wisc.*

3. *Warren Eggleston George m. Margaret Clark, April* 20, 1940, *b. April* 20, 1916.

   Children:

   Warren Eggleston, Jr. b. Jan. 31, 1943, *Rochester, N.Y.*
   William Hill b. Nov. 26, 1944, *Meriden, Conn.*
   Virginia Storms b. May 14, 1947, *Rochester, N.Y.*

4. *Mary Shirley George m. Richard Crego Pendell Nov.* 7, 1936 *b. Jan* 3, 1913 *Saginaw, Michigan.*

   Children:

   Barbara Jean b. Oct. 12, 1937, *Rochester, N.Y.*
   Richard Crego, Jr. b. May 31, 1940, *Oneida, N.Y.*
   David George b. Sept. 2, 1946, *Saginaw, Mich.*

5. *William Brodhead George m. Mary Catherine Mills Apr.* 10, 1948, *b. Feb.* 28, 1926, *Rochester, N.Y.*

   Children:

   Susan DeYoung b. July 10, 1951, *Rochester, N.Y.*
   Catherine Fitzgerald b. May 20, 1953, *Rochester, N.Y.*
   Mary Elizabeth b. Nov. 12, 1954, *Rochester, N.Y.*
   William Brodhead, Jr. b. Jan. 26, 1957, *Rochester, N. Y.*

Harry H. George b. Aug. 28, 1880, Redwood, N.Y., m. Koral House June 16, 1909, b. Oct., 1892, d. Feb. 1955.

1. *Harold Lee George b. May* 23, 1910, *Redwood, N.Y., m. Emma Watson May* 12, 1942, *b. Sept.* 3, 1905.

This concludes the ancestry of the Peck Family — a family that has an authentic history of 20 generations in England before the landing of the Pilgrims, to and including their first landing on the shores of Massachusetts in 1638 to the present time, 1956.

Part III

THE EGGLESTON FAMILY

The Eggleston Family

This is the story of the Eggleston family taken from the volume entitled "Genealogical Record of Asa, Jr. and Content Hadsall Eggleston, Compiled by Mrs. Nettie Eggleston Dickson and Mrs. David Moffatt Rogers."

One of these volumes my wife has in her possession. This volume gives in detail the early history from England, of the crossing of the Atlantic in the Winthrop fleet, and their landing in Boston in 1630 and I would refer you to this volume for complete history of the family.

In the beginning we have Bigod Eggleston born in East Riding, Yorkshire, England. His father was James Eggleston but his mother's name is not known.

Bigod came in the fleet to Boston with his twin sons, James and Samuel. The wife of Bigod Eggleston is not known as she died in England before their departure for the New World.

James, son of Bigod, married Hester, surname not known, and they had 5 sons and 5 daughters, one of whom was Isaac.

Isaac from whom the present generation is heir, lived and died in Stonington, Conn. He married Anna Browning and among their children was Asa Eggleston, noted in the history as Asa, Sr.

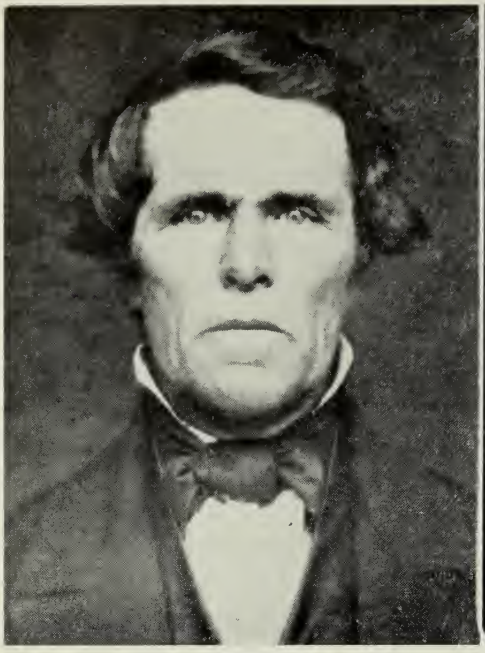
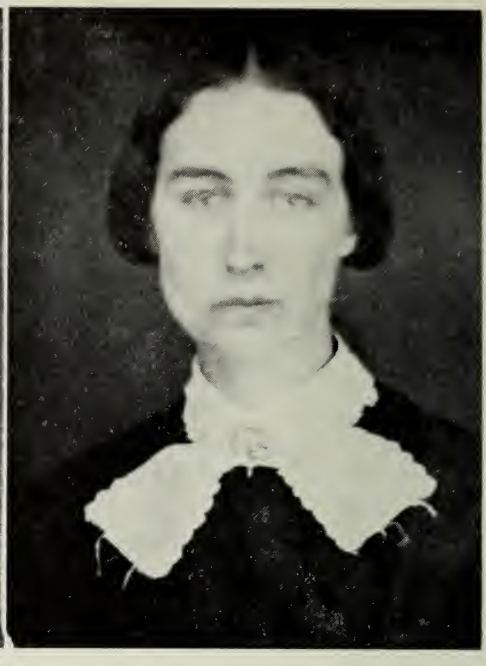
This Asa, Sr., of the IV generation, married Joanne Eggleston and they had seven children among whom was Asa, Jr., a soldier of the Revolutionary War. The family lived in Voluntown, Conn., but later moved to Washington Co., N. Y. Asa, Jr. was born in Conn. Feb. 12, 1763 and married Content Hadsall, Mar. 27, 1786.

Asa Eggleston, Jr. of the V generation, after his marriage to Content Hadsall, lived in Hebron, Washington Co., N. Y., but finally came to Antwerp where they resided on their farm on the Oxbow Road until their death. He died Aug. 10, 1840 and she died Apr. 13, 1850, aged 86 years. He was 77.

The exact copy of their family record, penned by himself, gives the names and dates of their 11 children and among these is John M. Eggleston VI, born Aug. 7, 1806 and grandfather of Maude Luana Eggleston.

John M. Eggleston married first Ann Keene at Antwerp, born July 10, 1812, and they had 7 children. His second wife was Luana Seaver Clark, b. Dec. 17, 1827 and they had one son, Richmond Howland Eggleston. John M. died Aug. 20, 1830. Ann Keene died Dec. 28, 1848 and Luana Eggleston died Nov. 26, 1912. See pp. 3 for reference.

Richmond Howland Eggleston VII generation was born Oct. 27, 1852 and was married to Mary Ann Fitzgerald Jan. 21, 1857, who was born in Jasper, Ontario, Canada, Jan. 21, 1857. They lived on the Eggleston farm at Antwerp where all their children were born. Their children, 8 in number, are listed on pp. 42 and among them is my wife's name and her twin sister, Mae. On the following pp. 43, is noted our marriage and all our children with their names and dates of birth. Also there is listed all the grandchildren who were born at the time of the writing of the Eggleston ancestry.

John Mitchell Eggleston and Luana Seaver Clarke Eggleston, Grandfather and Grandmother of Maude Luana Eggleston.

Also there is listed all the other children of Richmond and Mary Ann Eggleston: John, Richmond, Mabel, Harold, Earl and William, their children and grandchildren.

They lived on a large farm and in those days the labor was long and hard. Great sorrow came to them with the loss of 3 children, John, Richmond and Mabel, with Scarlet Fever in their childhood days. My wife's mother was a great sufferer from Asthma and lived before the days of the relieving antihistamines and adrenalin.

Following our marriage they moved to Antwerp Village to take care of Luana Eggleston, Richmond's mother.

My wife's twin sister, Mae Almira, married my cousin, Herbert H. Howe, Sept. 14, 1904, and she died of Typhoid Fever Apr. 12, 1905.

GENERATIONS OF THE EGGLESTON FAMILY

I — Bigod Eggleston m. — wife's name unknown.
II — James Eggleston m. Hester, surname unknown.
III — Isaac Eggleston m. Anna Browning.
IV — Asa Sr. Eggleston m. Joanne Eggleston.
V — Asa Eggleston, Jr. m. Content Hadsall.
VI — John M. Eggleston m. Luana Seaver Clark.
VII — Richmond H. Eggleston m. Mary Ann Fitzgerald.
VIII — Maude Luana Eggleston m. John Dean George.

Richmond Howland Eggleston and Mary Ann Fitzgerald Eggleston, Father and Mother of Maude Luana Eggleston.

This is the Revolutionary War Service record of Asa Eggleston, Jr. from the D. A. R. records of my wife, Maude E. George. "Asa Eggleston, soldier of the Revolution, d., Aug. 10, 1840, age 77 yrs. He enlisted at Voluntown, Conn. in the R. T. Troops in Col. Dyers Regt., Capt. Burdick's Company. During 1778 he served one and one-fourth months. In 1779 he enlisted as a Minute Man and served during the remainder of the war."

This is the Revolutionary War Service record of Benjamin Waite from the D. A. R. records of my wife, Maude E. George: "Benjamin Waite entered the service of the United States and fought under the banner of Washington till the close of the war, during which time he had been raised to the rank of Colonel. After this he was made a Brigadier General of Militia."

This is the Colonial Service of Benjamin Waite from the Daughters of American Colonists records of my wife, Maude E. George: "Benjamin Waite was ensign under Robert Rogers in Rogers Rangers. Soldier in last French and Indian War 1755-1761. In the expedition against the St. Francis Indians, in 40 battles before he was 25 years old, captured by the Indians, forced to run the gauntlet, captured by the French and sent to France, rescued and sent to England," from the "Vermont Life", official publication of the State of Vermont, Fall issue 1951.

GENERATIONS OF THE WAITE FAMILY

I — Benjamin Waite married Lois Gilbert.
II — Thomas Waite married Lovina Phelps.
III — Almira Waite married Watson Seaver.
IV — Luana Seaver married John M. Eggleston
V — Richmond H. Eggleston married Mary Ann Fitzgerald.
VI — Maude Luana Eggleston married John Dean George.

In the family history of Richmond Howland Eggleston, we find that he was born in Antwerp, New York, October 27, 1852, died February 23, 1929 in Verona, N. Y., married Mary Ann Fitzgerald, February 22, 1877, born in Jasper, Ontario, Canada, January 21, 1857, died May 9, 1926. Their burial place is in the Kinne cemetery, Antwerp, and their monument is plainly marked.

Mae and Maude Eggleston, twins.

CHILDREN OF RICHMOND AND MARY ANN FITZERALD EGGLESTON

John Watson Eggleston b. January 15, 1878, *d. October* 22, 1883

Richmond Gerald Eggleston, b. March 2, 1879, *d. November* 8, 1883

Mae Almira Eggleston, twin, b. July 31, 1882, *m. September* 14, 1904 *Herbert H. Howe, d. April* 12, 1905

Maude Luana Eggleston, twin, b. July 31, 1882, *m. John Dean George June* 8, 1904, *Verona, N. Y., b. October* 13, 1873, *Redwood, N. Y*

Mabel Maria, died in infancy

Thomas Harold Eggleston, b. March 1, 1887, *m. September* 9, 1908, *Mabel Taylor, b. November* 9, 1886

Scott Earl Eggleston, b. September 11, 1891, *m. Mary Elizabeth Curtin, August* 20, 1917, *b. June* 24, 1893, *Watertown, N. Y.*

William Henry Eggleston, b. Antwerp, N. Y. October 5, 1895, *m. Dora Belle Rogers December* 25, 1917, *b. July* 27, 1896, *Antwerp, N. Y.*

CHILDREN OF HAROLD AND MABEL EGGLESTON

1. *Muriel Geraldine, b. May* 18, 1909, *Antwerp, N. Y., m. June* 14, 1931 *Frank LoBello, b. November* 5, 1909, *Syracuse, N. Y.*

   Children

   Frances Joy LoBello, b. August 20, 1932, *Syracuse, New. Y., m. William R. Welch, October* 11, 1952. *They have two children, Pamela Susan, b. July* 7, 1953 *and Melissa Ann, b. November* 20, 1954.

   Meredith John, b. September 18, 1946

2. *Ralph Taylor Eggleston, b. February* 10, 1911, *Antwerp, N. Y., m. Lila Jones Gouverneur, N. Y., December* 24, 1936, *b. October* 5, 1918
   Children
   Stephanie Hope Eggleston, b. September 30, 1939, *Gouverneur, N. Y.*
   Charles Richmond Eggleston, b. November 5, 1944, *Gouverneur, N. Y.*
3. *Roy Dean Eggleston, b.December* 24, 1912, *Antwerp, N. Y., m. Capitola Forney, August* 29, 1937
   Children
   David Dean Eggleston, b. June 10, 1938, *Gouverneur, N. Y.*
   Philip Noel Eggleston, b. January 8, 1940, *Carthage, N. Y.*
   Thomas Harold Eggleston, b. July 20, 1941, *Oxbow, N. Y.*
   Ivan Michael, b. March 11, 1943, *Oxbow, N. Y.*
   Donna Lewellyn, b. June 24, 1945, *Antwerp, N. Y.*
   Nancy Ellen, b. September 20, 1947, *Antwerp, N. Y.*
   Theodore Jon, b. January 10, 1952, *Antwerp, N. Y.*

CHILDREN OF SCOTT EARL AND MARY ELIZABETH EGGLESTON

1. *Helen May Eggleston, b. July* 9, 1918, *Cleveland, O. m. February* 3, 1940 *Edward M. LaBeau, b. August* 7, 1917, *Watertown, N. Y.*
   Children
   Ann Elizabeth, b. September 4, 1944, *Watertown, N. Y.*
   Michele Marie, b. February 26, 1947, *Watertown, N. Y.*
   Richmond Eggeston, b. September 10, 1949, *Watertown, N. Y.*
2. *Shirley Elizabeth Eggleston, b., April* 24, 1921, *Antwerp, N. Y., m. Ernest Shovea, May* 14, 1942, *b. August* 1, 1914, *Schenectady, N. Y.*
   Children
   Nanette Lee, b., January 22, 1947, *Evanston, Ill.*
   Scott Andrew, b., December 17, 1948, *South Bend, Ind.*
   Stephen Craig, b., January 6, 1953, *Oneida, N. Y.*
   Suzanne Marie, b., May 18, 1956, *Oneida, N. Y.*
3. *Gerald Francis Eggleston, b., September* 9, 1925 *Antwerp, N. Y., m. Anna Louise Hileman, August* 5, 1950, *b. July* 27, 1930 *Lexington, Va.*
   Children
   Nancy Elizabeth, b. July 10, 1951, *Lexington, Va.*
   Gerald Scott, b. July 9, 1954, *Watertown, N. Y.*

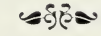
CHILDREN OF WILLIAM HENRY AND DORA BELLE EGGLESTON

1. *Harriette Belle Eggleston, b. October* 13, 1918, *Antwerp, N. Y., m. Harry F. Hardie, June* 30, 1938, *no children. m. William Vaughn October,* 1954
2. *Roger Moffett Eggleston, b. April* 27, 1920, *Antwerp, N. Y., m. Margaret Wilson, September* 20, 1942, *b. August* 21, 1922, *Antwerp, N. Y.*
   Children
   Judy, b. July 31, 1943, *Antwerp, N. Y.*

The national membership number of Maude E. George in the Daughters of the American Revolution from the Revolutionary record of Asa Eggleston, Jr. is 297501.

The national membership in the Daughters of the American Colonists of Maude E. George from the service of Gen. Benjamin Wait is 12718.

Part IV



THE BRODHEAD FAMILY

The Brodhead Family

This is the story of the Brodhead family, condensed and edited by Dr. John D. George Sr., of Verona, New York.

This story, in its early parts, is based almost entirely on a volume in the New York State Library entitled, "Notes on the Ancestry of the Children of Joseph Smith Harris and Delia Silliman Brodhead."

John Romeyn Brodhead, who had a commission to write the history of New York State, believes that the early Brodhead family originated in Germany.

However that may be, the family was settled in Yorkshire, England in the Sixteenth Century, and the records of the parish church of Royston contain frequent mention of them. The Manor of Monk Britton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was granted on February 28, 1610 by James I to John Brodhead and George Wood, the principal freeholders of the place. Daniel Brodhead, the emigrant founder of the Brodhead Family in America, is supposed to have been grandnephew of this Daniel Brodhead.

Daniel Brodhead was a cavalier at the time of the Restoration and was made a Captain of the Grenadiers or Musketeers by Charles II, King of England. In this capacity he accompanied the expedition under Colonel Richard Nicholls which was sent in May of 1664 to capture the Dutch Settlements of New Amsterdam with its dependencies, the territory of which had been granted by the King to his brother, James, Duke of York.

Daniel Brodhead was a zealous royalist of Yorkshire, England, where the family had lived in credit and reputation of gentlemen, and who, having a captain's commission from the King, embarked with his household for America.

After the surrender of the Dutch possessions on September 8, 1664, Captain Brodhead was one of the expedition which was sent to Albany to receive its submission and to treaty with the Indians. His name is appended as a witness to the treaty with the Iroquois Indians which was made at that time.

Captain Brodhead was a witness of the surrender of the Dutch at Fort Orange to the British, and to the change of the name Fort Orange to Fort Albany.

Upon his return from Albany, Colonel Nicholls appointed him to command the important outpost of OESOPUS on September 14, 1665, where the City of Kingston now stands.

Before leaving England, he was married to Ann Tye, daughter of Francis Tye and Lettos Salmon, in 1631. They had three children.

1. Daniel Brodhead, born in 1662.
2. John Brodhead, born in 1664.
3. Richard Brodhead, born in 1666.

Upon assuming command of the City of Kingston, Captain Daniel Brodhead found an insurgent and rebellious Dutch Settlement. He remained in command of this post, however, until his death on July 14, 1667, at the early age of thirty-six years.

Because of the great esteem for Ann Tye, wife of Captain Daniel Brodhead, and the great responsibility thrown upon her at his death, with three small children, certain grants were bestowed upon her by the Colony. From a volume from the Stone Ridge Library, near Marbletown, I read of

these grants many years ago and made a copy of them, but they seem to have disappeared. Ann Tye, from all the accounts I have read about, seems to have been a very remarkable woman. Captain Daniel Brodhead and Ann Tye were the great-great-great-great-great-grandparents of my generation. Captain Brodhead, the fiery Englishman, and Ann Tye, the calm, conservative Englishwoman, transplanted into a new world with its many cares and responsibilities. After her husband's death, she married, in 1674, William Nottingham, the Lieutenant of Captain Brodhead's Company, and after Nottingham's death, she married, in 1681, Thomas Garton, the Ensign of the Company. She was very much respected in the colony, and the name of Ann Garton was given to members of the Brodhead family for many generations after her death, viz. Ann Tye Hardenburg and Ann Tye Schoonmaker.

Well, whatever the animosities that may have arisen in those early days of Kingston when their third son grew up, our ancestor, Richard Brodhead, married a Dutch girl, Wyntie Jansen. To keep the record straight, let us review briefly:

Children of Captain Daniel Brodhead and Ann Tye

1. Daniel Brodhead
2. John Brodhead
3. RICHARD BRODHEAD

Children of Richard Brodhead and Wyntie Jansen

Daniel Brodhead - only child

Richard Brodhead, born in Kingston in 1666, married Wyntie Jansen, of Kingston, New York, who was a daughter of Thomas Jansen who was of the Walloons origin. Wyntie Jansen was the mother of but one of his children, Daniel Brodhead. Daniel Brodhead became the progenitor of the Pennsylvania Brodheads as he married again. His first wife died in 1703, and their only child, Daniel, was born in Marbletown on April 20, 1693.

Daniel Brodhead is recorded as being a merchant in Albany in 1726, and as he married Hester Wyngart of Albany there in 1720, it is probable he went there to live some years before 1726.

Children of Daniel Brodhead and Hester Wyngart

1. Charles, born in 1721, married Mary Oliver on December 8, 1760.
2. Garrett, born in 1723, married Elizabeth Depui on March 15, 1759.
3. Daniel, born in 1725, married Jane Davis, died on November 15, 1809.
4. John, born in 1727, married Mary Davis, and also married Maria Effnor.
5. Thomas, born in 1729, never married, died before 1755.
6. Leuke, born in 1737, married Elizabeth Harrison, died on June 19, 1806.
7. Ann Garton, born in 1737, never married, died in 1755.

Daniel Brodhead removed in 1738 to Stroudsburg, Monroe County, Pennsylvania, the Proprietors of Pennsylvania having, in 1755, promised him a grant of land in return for some service done there, probably connected with some negotiations with the Indians with whom Daniel Brodhead retained intimate connections all his life and over whom he had great influence. He continued to act as the representative of the Proprietors in the Northeast section of the State of Pennsylvania and kept them carefully advised of the steps that Connecticut was taking to assert her claim to lands in Wyoming Valley. He died at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he had gone for surgical treatment, on July 22, 1755, and he was buried in the Moravian Cemetery in that town.

We now come to the history of John Brodhead, son of Daniel Brodhead and Hester Wyngart. He was born in Marbletown, Ulster County, New York, in 1727. He no doubt went with his parents to Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania in 1738, being then a boy of eleven years of age. At any rate, he returned to Marbletown in time to marry his wife, Mary Davis. The marriage of John Brodhead and Mary Davis is a matter of record in the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in Kingston, New York. This is recorded in the marriage record, page 621, No. 1424, as "Married John Brodhead and Mary Davis both resided in Mormel or Marbletown, Feb. 20, 1762." Bans published.

We know very little of the life of John Brodhead and his wife, Mary Davis, up to the time of the Revolutionary War. The probability is that he was a farmer and that he lived in Marbletown, a few miles back from the Hudson River at Kingston. I have vivid recollections of a search of records in the Surrogate's Office at Kingston, and finding and securing a copy of the Will of John Brodhead and other data of that area in and about Kingston, Ulster County, New York. I was accompanied on that search by my wife, Maude E. George, and by my brother, William Storm George, and his wife, Lida. We made a thorough search of cemeteries at Marbletown, Wawarsing and Ellenville, and the cemetery opposite the old Brodhead Mansion at Lauren Kill, beyond Ellenville. The fact that John Broadhead was a resident of the Town of Wawarsing, Ulster County, New York, when he made his Will on February 2, 1811, and the fact that he is listed as one of the early settlers of Lauren Kill, in the Town of Wawarsing, makes one think that he may have spent part of his life in the Town of Wawarsing. But from correspondence with George Clinton, Governor of New York State, "Public Papers of George Clinton," Volume 4, Page 31, it is evident that he was at that time a resident of Marbletown.

At the time of the correspondence with Governor Clinton, he was past the age for regular service in the United States Army. As he was born in 1727, his age was fifty-one years. However, with the passage of an Act of Congress, April 3, 1778, authorizing a class designated as the Associated Exempts, a new group was added to the Armed Forces of the Colonies (New York in the Revolution, Page 10).

John Brodhead took the lead in instituting this class in Marbletown in his letter of September 14, 1778 to Governor George Clinton and quoted in full on Page 31, Volume IV, "Public Papers of George Clinton, 1900". This class of Associated Exempts applied to all persons who have held civil or military commissions, and all persons between fifty and sixty.

In this letter John Brodhead goes on to say, quote, "I have therefore thought proper herein, to inform your Excellency, that on the last day of said limited time, this number of Exempts (herein enclosed) of Marbletown assembled and associated themselves, according as the said Act or Resolve prescribed. Some time after, I went to Col. Cantine apprehensive that there might be some who had no notice, notified them by advertisements that they should associate on the 1st of Aug't last past, otherwise he would enrol them along with the militia. I remain at the same time Sir, Your Excellency's most obdt. and humble servt.

John Brodhead

Endorsed: 'Agreed to & Entered Nov. 4th, 1778"

And on the following page 32 Vtv "Public Papers of George Clinton 1900" is found the formation of this company into the Armed Forces of the Colonies with, among other duties, the following, quote: "All associators will sever-

ally on all occasions obey the orders of their commanding officer and will in case of invasion or incursion of the enemy or Insurrection March to repel the enemy or suppress such Insurrection in like manner as the enrolled militia are compelled to do."

And in this statement on the same page, John Brodhead was named first in command, Garadus Hardenburch, second in command, and Tobias Dubois third in command.

I have gone at considerable length into the details of these events because it was through the assembly of all these historical facts of the life of John Brodhead that my daughter, Shirley George Pendell, was able to secure the necessary data to prove that he was truly a soldier of the Revolutionary War.

Besides this, there is the proven family history from generation to generation, from Shirley George Pendell to Captain John Brodhead.

This is the copy of the certificate of membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution.

1776 1890

The National Society of the
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
This certifies that
SHIRLEY GEORGE PENDELL

is a regularly approved member of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Skenandoah Chapter having been admitted by the National Board of Management by virtue of her descent from

JOHN BRODHEAD

who with unfailing loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of American Independence as

Captain During The Revolutionary War

Given under our hand and the seal of the National Society the twentieth day of October, 1948.

National Number 379594
Admitted Oct. 20, 1948
ESTELLA O'BYRNE
President General
MAYNICE D. LAMMUER
Recording Secretary General
ETHEL M. TYNES
Registrar General

Seal
National Society
Daughters
of the
American
Revolution

Two children were born to John Brodhead and Mary Davis — Elizabeth, born in Marbletown in 1776 and Richard, date of his birth unknown.

Mary Davis died sometime following the Revolutionary War, and John Brodhead married for his second wife, Maria Effnor, and the only child of this second marriage was Hester Brodhead, who married John Lounsbury. This daughter, whose full name was Hester Maria Brodhead, took the name

Hester from her grandmother, Hester Wyngart, and her middle name from her mother, Maria Effnor.

Following along in the life of our Captain John Brodhead we find that he made his Last Will and Testament in the Town of Wawarsing, Ulster County, New York, on February 2, 1811. In this Will my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Brodhead, is mentioned several times. ITEM: — "I do give, devise, and bequeath to my son, Richard Brodhead, and my daughter, Elizabeth Storms, wife of William Storms, and my daughter, Hester Maria Brodhead, all my real estate to be equally divided between them." And in another item is mentioned, "Elizabeth Storms, wife of William Storms." I have a copy of this Will in my possession, and this Will was probated on December 3, 1823. So my great-great-grandfather, Captain John Brodhead, lived to be ninety-six years of age, and his daughter living to be ninety-two years of age shows that longevity at that time anyway was an inherent characteristic of the Brodhead family. As I stated before, our search of the cemeteries of Ulster County did not reveal the exact burial spot of our great-great-grandparents, Mary Davis and John Brodhead.

After the marriage of Elizabeth Brodhead and William Storms, an item I picked up somewhere said they went West. West then must have meant along the Mohawk Valley and finally leading to Plessis, Jefferson County, New York. Another item states that they were married in 1798 in Marbletown.

Children of William Storms and Elizabeth Brodhead

1. Ann, born in 1800, married William Campbell.
2. John.
3. George.
4. Maria, born August 28, 1804, died December 25, 1891.
5. Rachel, youngest child, married a Cowan of Gananoque.
6. Melancthon, married to Aunt Jane.

I remember some of these very well. Auntie Campbell and Aunt Rachel came to our home every year for many years to visit my grandmother and their sister Maria Storms George. They came from Gananoque out on the steamer Island Wanderer which, for a great many years, made the 50 mile trip daily among the 1000 Islands, "50 miles for 50 cents", starting at Alexandria Bay up the river to Clayton, across the 10 miles to Gananoque, down the Canadian Channel and Lost Channel, and back again to Alexandria Bay. I have made that trip many times. The Island Wanderer was a two deck steamer and you could wander at will its full length — a delightful trip — a great improvement over the 1952 trips in low down motor boats. These visits I remember, and they were in the 1880's mostly.

Then there was Uncle George Storms. He was a straggler. He came to our home and he stayed and stayed. He had lost a leg, I don't know how. In the census of 1880 he was recorded as living in our family. I can remember very well when he left — a kindly man that misfortune had overtaken.

Melancthon Storms married Aunt Jane and lived in Plessis all his life, and Alicia Storms was their only daughter.

I should give you some of the physical characteristics of these children of William Storms and Elizabeth Brodhead. Perhaps some of you descendants of these two may find in yourselves some of the physical characteristics that you can trace back a few generations.

My grandmother, Maria Storms George, was tall and straight and dark, with dark hair and eyes. I should estimate that she weighed 110 pounds and that she was 5 feet 6 inches tall. I have good reason to know her well because she lived in my home during the first eighteen years of my life.

Rachel Storms Cowan likewise was slim and straight, but much smaller than my grandmother. She had dark hair and eyes, weighed about 95 pounds, and was 5 feet 2 inches tall — the kindliest lady you would ever wish to meet, and with a strong Canadian accent.

Ann Campbell, the oldest child, was stout with gray hair and blue gray eyes, weight 160 pounds, 5 feet 2 inches tall, and in spite of many adversities was cheerful and voluble.

John and George Storms, I do not seem to know of their physical characteristics.

Melancthon Storms was very short. To us at home, Uncle Melanc was the immaculately dressed member of this family, not because he aspired to any such distinction, but because his wife, Aunt Jane, and their daughter, Alicia Storms, were seamstresses and insisted that he be dressed with distinction at all times. I remember this about this very happy three that lived in Plessis all their lives. They drove down to our home at No. 6 a few times every year with a hollow back horse and a clean buggy, and Uncle Melanc's wife, Aunt Jane, would entertain a whole houseful with yarns she could spin about her friends, relations, and herself included. She was truly a remarkable woman. Alicia, a spinster, aspired to writing and was a regular correspondent of the Watertown Reunion, and she wrote verse and poetry too. For this paper she wrote the obituary of my grandmother who died on Christmas Day 1891, and this article appeared in the Watertown Reunion under date of January 4, 1892, of which I have an original copy and photostatic copies. It is interesting, too, as it was the only proof that I could secure that Maria Storms and Page George were really married. I had to have proof in the papers required for my daughter, Shirley George Pendell, to get her D.A.R. It is further interesting as narrating a part of the story of my grandmother's life.

Here is the story as written by Alicia Storms, a niece of Maria Storms George, quote:

"Death for the third time in 3 weeks entered the neighborhood known as No. 6 in this town and for the second time in two weeks the home of John B. George. Christmas morning all that was mortal of Mrs. Maria George passed away. I feel my inability to write even a brief sketch of the life of her who has gone as Laucet (Dr. M. J. Hutchins of Redwood), her family physician, would have done. Mrs. George was the second daughter of Rev. Williams and Mrs. Elizabeth Brodhead Storms and came with her parents to this new country when a girl. She married nearly 60 years ago Page George and together they worked and prosperity smiled upon their labors, but the husband and father was stricken with apoplexy and for 13 years was an invalid. The heroism of Mrs. George was many times tried but her management and industry guided the little home crew and when she was left a widow with 3 sons and 2 daughters she had learned to be self reliant. She gave her children the best educational advantages of the day within her means, and was in every sense of the word a most devoted mother and her children do honor to her virtues. For several years she had been nearly blind but retained her mind to a remarkable degree, being a most enjoyable companion for old and young. Her greatest pleasure was listening to the reading of the Bible and sermons, though she never lost interest in politics and current events of the day. We have spoken of her devotion to her

children but the love she bore for her grandchildren was warm and tried. Her declining years have been made pleasant by the love and care of her son John and his family, and for the past 2 years by her daughter Mrs. Ann Pierce. Her sons, Sanford and Harry, and her daughter, Mrs. Agnes Howe of Philadelphia, New York, have always been attentive in their visits to her. The funeral was held in the M. E. Church, Sunday, December 27, Rev. W. McCallum officiating, and her remains were buried beside her husband in Plessis Cemetery."

Here generation by generation is the story of the Brodhead family from Captain Daniel Brodhead of the British and Colonial armies at the capture of New Amsterdam from the Dutch in 1664 to our present generation in 1953.

I Generation — Daniel Brodhead married Ann Tye.
II Generation — Richard Brodhead married Wyntie Jansen.
III Generation — Daniel Brodhead married Hester Wyngart.
IV Generation — John Brodhead married Mary Davis.
V Generation — Elizabeth Brodhead married William Storms.
VI Generation — Maria Storms married Page George.
VII Generation — John Brodhead George married Martha Ann Peck.
VIII Generation — John Dean George married Maude Luana Eggleston.

The chief references and bibliography for this record are:

1. A volume in the New York State Library at Albany, New York, entitled, "Notes on the Ancestry of the Children of Joseph Smith Harris and Delia Silliman Brodhead."

2. A volume in the Stone Ridge Library.

3. A volume in the New York State Library at Albany, New York, by John Romeyn Brodhead.

4. New York State in the Revolutionary War.

5. Church Records of the Reformed Dutch Church at Kingston, New York.

6. Public Papers of Governor George Clinton of the State of New York, Volume IV, pages 31 and 32.

7. Service record of John Brodhead in letters from the New York State Library, Albany, New York.

8. Will and probate of Will of John Brodhead from the Surrogate's Office, Kingston, New York.

9. Photostatic and other printed and written records of each of these eight generations.

10. I have in my possession a cast reproduction, from the original, of the Brodhead coat of arms.

More of this story of the Brodhead family will be found from time to time in the continuing story of these five families from their beginnings in early colonial days to finally link themselves in and with the George family.

PART V

THE STORMS FAMILY

The Storms Family

This is the story of the Storms family. In my research in the State Library in Albany, N. Y., I found that early settlers of Easton, Washington County, N. Y., were James and Mary Storm and in an elaborate printed card 6 by 8 inches with fancy scroll and old English printing are the records of the children of James and Mary Storm.

RECORD OF BIRTHS
of the children of
James And Mary Storm

CHRISTIANAH	May 1,1755
JENNIE	Feb. 23, 1770
WILLIAM	Feb. 24, 1774
RACHEL	Nov. 24, 1775
JOHN	Feb. 4, 1779
LEAH	Sept. 15, 1783

One time several years ago, Shirley, Billie, Mom and I visited Easton, Washington County, N. Y., and we found that a little huddle of homes had been by-passed by a state road and the people we inquired of had never heard of the name STORM and in the cemetery which we carefully checked, no stone bearing the name of STORM was found.

No doubt if we had gone to the town or county clerk's office we might have found valuable information of the Storm family in birth records, deeds or wills or other legal documents.

I believe it was my grandmother, Maria Storms George, daughter of William Storm, who added the "s" to the Storm name. Certainly my brother's name was William Storms George.

I have recounted in the Brodhead story that William Storm married Elizabeth Brodhead in Marbletown in 1798, that he was an engineer and surveyor, that he was an itinerant Methodist minister and rode the circuit with Bishop Francis Asbury, so he must have been a preacher of some distinction to have been associated with Bishop Asbury.

We do not know that he had a permanent residence in any one place, on the contrary, in 1814 his residence was in Milton, Saratoga County, and the names Clifton Park and Cherry Valley are names that are associated with his family until the time he came to Plessis, N. Y. in 1830.

Here he lived in the stone house near Plessis overlooking Hyde Park at the top of a steep hill and gully on the road from Plessis to Watertown.

This stone house still stands prominently and well-preserved and here my grandmother, Maria Storms, was married to Page George, March 13, 1831.

And it was here too that William Storms and Elizabeth Brodhead Storms spent many years before going to live with their son, Melancthon, in Plessis.

Earlier in his life he enlisted in the War of 1812. In a request to the Adjutant General of the Department of the Army, attention old records, I received this reply. Quote: "The records show that William Storms served in the War of 1812 as corporal and sergeant in Captain Lewis, Lieut. John Brown

and Capt. Josiah Perry company, Prior's Regiment, New York Militia. His service commenced Sept. 13, 1814 and ended Dec. 12, 1814. His place of residence is shown as Milton" end of quote. Signed Wm. E. Bergin, U.S.A., Adjt. General, dated July 14, 1952. Milton is in Saratoga County.

I have an interesting Declaration in a photostatic copy in duplicate that I received from the Adjutant General's office in Albany, N. Y., in June, 1952, in regard to a Declaration of my great-grandfather, dated Aug. 7, 1857, when he was 87 years of age. In this declaration he states that he has not received any pay for his services in the War of 1812, that he has received no pay for the clothing and equipment which he furnished at his own expense on entering the Army, but that he has received a land grant warrant no. 86046 for 120 acres of land.

In the list of equipment and clothing are the following items: 1 hat 4.00; uniform coat, 12.00; ordinary coat, 12:00; vest, 4.00; 1 pair pantaloons, 8.00; 1 stock, 1.00; overcoat, 20.00; 1 blanket, 6.00; 1 knapsack, 1.50; 1 canteen .75; 2 pr. stockings, 2.00; 2 shirts, 7.00; 1 pr suwarraw boots, 7.00; transportation to Plattsburgh, 6.00; total, 91.75.

There are many details in this very interesting declaration very late in the life of William Storms.

There is no record whether he ever received payment for the war service of 1812 and whether he ever knew where land grant no. 86046 was and if he ever came into possession of it. Even at this late date it would be interesting to know.

This declaration is duly certified with the signature of William Storm, sealed and witnessed by Jane Storm and sworn to before Dave Eddy, J. P., Aug. 7, 1837.

The graves of my great-grandfather and grandmother of the Storms and Brodhead generation, William Storm and Elizabeth Brodhead, are in Plessis Cemetery and the stones that bear their names are in good condition and plainly marked.

Later I find that from the index of awards and claims of the War of 1812 as audited and allowed by the Adj. and Inspector General, William Storm was allowed 59.60 on his claim. From Wild Parsons & Co., Printers, Albany, 1860.

THE STORMS GENEALOGICAL TABLE

James Storm married Mary Storm, maiden name unknown.
William Storms married Elizabeth Brodhead.
Maria Storms married Page George
John Brodhead George married Martha Ann Peck.
John Dean George married Maude Luana Eggleston.

PART VI

THE GEORGE FAMILY

The George Family

1901

After my graduation from McGill University Medical College, June 1901, I came home to help care for my Mother who was desperately ill, in the final stages of Chronic Nephritis. She was very oedematous and I remember giving her profuse sweatings while sitting in a chair in a heated cabinet with only the head outside. This was very weakening and I doubt if the loss of fluid by sweating was worthwhile. Today these patients receive their injection of mercuhydrin and get rid of their excess fluid. I am sure if my mother had received this treatment she would have lived comfortably for many years. Such treatment was unheard of then.

My Mother passed into uremic coma and died July 28, 1901 and is buried in Plessis Cemetery beside my Father.

I reviewed my work for the State Board examination which was taken in New York City in September. This examination took a whole week and included the whole four years. I received the report on this examination in October that I had passed "with honor" and the purple seal, all faded now, is on that certificate. So I was ready to start the practice of medicine.

Through several channels I was led to Verona and so it was that I took the train out of Redwood that morning of October 22, 1901 and took up the practice of Medicine in Verona.

The next day I went to Rome and purchased Old Pone, buggy, harness and all and drove back to Verona, through a toll gate on the muck flats of Rome and found vacant premises in the house where Seward Dodge lives now.

I also purchased a stove, coal, couch and a couple of chairs and a few small livable necessities and secured a boarding place at the Phelps Hotel then owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Phelps at $3.00 a week.

Being of the wide open spaces myself, the thickly settled countryside was rather appealing to me and after a few years I decided that after all, Verona was a good place to settle down, marry and raise a family.

Now after 50 and more years I do not regret having made Verona my home and the best place to bring up a family.

In beginning the story of our family I must tell you just a little of those three years before my marriage. My practice was small, the roads for travel terrible — clouds of dust in the Summer, deep mud Spring and Fall and those three years the deepest snow and coldest Winters in many years.

I lived alone in the Crandall house, had my meals at the Phelps Hotel and my office was a front room at the Crandall house.

In that first year of 1902 I have distinct recollection of that first month of January. Four patients had pneumonia. Four died. That was the virulent type and the only treatment, wait and see, for no known medicine or treatment ever had the least effect in terminating a genuine pneumococcus pneumonia of those days.

That should have driven me out of Verona but I didn't have a chance because, in spite of the adverse publicity, patients kept coming to me just the same.

I especially remember two cases of that early day. An elderly woman with a strangulated hernia, irreducible. Verona had 9 passenger trains each way so it was easy to get Dr. Glass of Utica and an operation on the kitchen table. There were no hospitals except a small Rome City Hospital, none in Oneida. The second case was a ruptured tubal pregnancy in a woman who was on a visit at the Higginsville Hotel. I made the diagnosis, placed her on the "Packet," a regular steamboat from Canastota to Rome on the Erie Canal. I had that boat ride on the Old Erie with my patient who was in great shock. She was taken to the Hospital and operated on by Dr. W. B. Reid, father of our well-known Dr. Frederick Reid, Opthalmologist. The diagnosis was confirmed and patient got along well. On the ninth day she threw an embolus and died suddenly.

Then later on I had another ectopic gestation that ruptured, but this lady lived to have other children, even with the loss of an ovary. Dr. Glass was the surgeon here, the operation, of course, on the kitchen table. In all the years since with a thousand or so maternity cases I never had another tubal pregnancy.

I began taking notes occasionally in my journal but sometimes they were few and far between and these notes are the source of a good deal of the story I will tell about the early days of our family.

But before I get to that period of my marriage and family, I must glance at a note or two I have down. I played on the Verona Baseball team, pitcher part of the time. One game was in Vernon, September 12, 1902. Willard Soper and another player collided in the outfield and both were knocked unconscious. In concussion Willard was taken with the other injured to Dr. Shipman's office where I took 4 stitches in his cheek. Only the past year the Rev. Willard Soper showed me the scar of more than 50 years ago.

That same year I made my last visit to my home at No. 6 for Christmas. It was quite a family gathering. My father, my sister Martha and 6 children, Ida, Alma, Flo, Helen, Howard and Welby, my brother Will, whom I met coming from Clayton at Theresa Junction, my brother Tip, my cousin Bert Howe, Uncle Sanford George and Charles and Cassie George. There was the big dinner of many chickens from the farm, mince pies and everything and Bert Howe from his store in Alexandria Bay brought 12 quarts of peanuts and a panful of candy.

And then a game of Sanko-pedro, a game that we played at home many years, and my father's delight and favorite game. The players: My father, Bert, Will, Tip and I. That game lasted until 3:30 A. M. in the morning and that was the last game I ever played at home of the many games and many years when our family would all be happily together at some special days or during our long vacation periods.

That year I played alto horn in the Verona Band and in 1904 joined the Masons, Sconondoa Lodge No. 614 F. & A. M. at Vernon, January 19, 1904.

I wouldn't say that my first year, 1902, in the practice of medicine was a great success. I took care of a lot of people but got very little for my service. Doctors' fees were very small: Office 50 cents, 75 cents or $1.00; House calls, $1.00, never over $2.00. These are the actual amounts of money I took in that year of 1902: January, $22.00; February, $4.00; March, $10.00; April, $11.00; May, $73.00; June, $93.00; July, $82.00; August, $77.00; September, $73.00; October, $116.00; November, $137.00; December, $180.00; Total, $878.00.

Off from a farm where a nickel looked as big as a silver dollar that wasn't very good, but it wasn't too bad.

1903 and 1904 ran along about the same with a growing practice and I felt that after all I had better stay in Verona. I joined the Maccabees, learned to play Whist and teamed up with a foursome, once a week, Prof. Ivan T. Smith, George Cagwin, Joseph E. Felts and myself.

August 13, 1903 Bert Howe and I went fishing on the St. Lawrence River while on my vacation. We caught some bass, pickerel and perch and had a shore dinner on one of the Islands. We got back to the Bay at about 8:00 P. M. and there I met a young and beautiful lady who was later to become my wife.

That vacation for both of us lasted one week at my father's house where my charming lady with her twin sister, Mae, were visiting Charles and Cassie George. And by the way, the lady I am speaking of was Maude Luana Eggleston of Antwerp, N. Y.

I made several trips to Antwerp that Fall, Winter and Spring and we were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond H. Eggleston, at high noon, June 8, 1904. The Rev. Killough, pastor, performed the ceremony. The bride's sister, Mae, was bridesmaid and the best man was my cousin, Bert Howe. There was a very large attendance of families and friends.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. George, June 8, 1904

their wedding picture

Our honeymoon was at the Thousand Islands and when we arrived home in Verona we were met at the station by the Home Town Band and were

escorted by horse and carriage by a marching band to the home where we have lived happily, brought up a wonderful family and prospered for 50 years.

And now I must tell you something of the girl I married. My wife has so many sterling qualities that it makes me feel very fortunate to have married such a girl to be my wife and the mother of our children.

My wife was born on the Eggleston farm home at Antwerp, N. Y., and attended the country school, same as I, and also Black River School, and then Ives Seminary at Antwerp for 3 years and later Gouverneur High School and Teachers' Training Class after which she became a teacher in the local schools.

My wife was and is a deeply religious person and is unwavering in her faith. She defends the right way of life and truth with vigor and there is no compromise between right and wrong in her makeup.

As a mother she has been the most devoted to that task than anyone I have ever known. All day long attending to the wants of our growing children and at bedtime gathering them about her for the bedtime prayers. I know that period was never missed in our home in the history of our family from the time of that little boy that has gone and later the five who are left who bowed at their mother's knee for many, many years.

I never knew a mother who would stop and read and play games with her children as she did through childhood days.

So our family grew up in an atmosphere of love and affection and I believe, even now, they hold a great deal of that love and affection not only for their parents but for each other.

To me my wife has been the good and loving wife ever mindful of my needs and short-comings and a help in all my endeavors.

Following our wedding I have no special notes but off and on through my practice I have jotted down items of interest at the time but the chief purpose of this writing is the story of our family.

Of first and of greatest importance in our lives is the birth of our first born, a little boy, John Richmond George, December 23, 1905. Through these items of his little life are his birthdays, his first steps and his happy life with us for almost 4 years. I cannot tell to anyone the great happiness a little child can bring into a home. For almost 4 years we had such a little child, a little boy that grew up as one of the happiest I ever knew. His mother cared for him ond played with him, sang songs with him, put him to bed with a little prayer just as she has to every one of the rest. He rode with me on short trips and we sang together "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," "In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree." Every day was a long day of joy and happiness. But one day a new and unrecognized disease (now known as Polio) came into our home and it had to be our first born that was taken away, John Richmond George, October 9, 1909, almost 4 years old. That was the one great tragedy of our lives.

During that period of sickness and death there was born unto us another little boy, September 28, 1909, John Dean George, named after me and a solace and comfort to both of us in our days of grief.

Previous to this we had purchased the home where we have always lived and during the year 1908 the house was almost entirely rebuilt — a new roof over the flat roof, a new wing for offices, hot water system for heat, bath-

room, water tank in the attic, modern plumbing throughout – hot water system and all, modern improvements of that day. The house cost $1500. To wonder what prices were then in 1908 compared with today: Hot water boiler, 12 radiators, pipes and installation, $680; John Hugunine, 65 hours digging celler at 15c, $9.45; carpenters, $2.00 per day; Dick Everett, 10 loads sand, $1.25; chief mason, $2.50 per day.

And so was the house completed in 1908 much as it stands today in 1955 except the one story wing was done over in 1938 and a complete overhaul of the downstairs floors and upstairs and rearrangement of many rooms upstairs and down during the early years.

My notes show that John Dean, Jr. has a tooth, January 17, 1910, that he weighs 14½ lbs. at 5 mos., that he takes regular rations at the table April 25, 1910, that he laughs a lot, has a sunny smile and a little hair, that he is baptized in the Presbyterian Church by Rev. A. C. Stuart, June 12, 1910, that he walks alone across the floor August 28 and has hair an inch long and that his birthday, September 28, he weighed 17 pounds, that he is now taking Horlick's Malted Milk after being on breast milk too long.

Our first well is driven 61½ feet by Bartle of Clinton, cost $150.

The year, 1911, is notable for two well remembered events. Chronologically, first was our first automobile. The 2-cylinder Maxwell, drive on the right side, bulb horn, no starter, lights by carbide gas, 3-inch tires, 10,000 miles in 2 years from April to October.

The second event was the birth June 20, 1911 of another little boy, Roger Hollett George, in the hottest June weather on record. Roger was born at home in the front bedroom downstairs as were all of our children. He was a round, well-developed lad of 8 pounds with abundant dark hair and as limp as a rag but perfectly well during those days of 100° temperature.

On August 22 Harry Atwood passes over Verona in an airplane following the New York Central tracks, the first plane to cross New York State – on a flight from St. Louis to New York City. Those days the pilot was plainly visible between the wings of the biplane.

Roger laughs out loud September 7, smiles at everyone and John Dean talks a good deal on his second birthday.

Flossie Dawley and Fred Kline married in our bay window setting October 31, 1911 at 7:30 P. M.

Judson Cooper rebuilds our stable and finishes it up as it has existed for many years.

I find in my notes the recipe of my father for putting down hams and bacon: 8 lbs. salt to 100 pounds of meat, 3 lbs. of brown sugar, 3 ounces saltpeter, heaping tablespoon of soda, add water, bring to boil, skim, pour on meat and add enough water to cover. I have used it.

My notes of 1912 are scant and mostly concern the doings of our two little boys John and Roger. Roger, weight 26 pounds, John, 29½.

Woodrow Wilson is elected President of the United States over Taft, R. and Theodore Roosevelt on the Bull Moose ticket.

The year, 1913, brings us another little boy May 24, Warren Eggleston George, born at 2 A. M. and weighing 7½ pounds, a healthy and husky lad.

Through my brother, Will, I buy my first Ford at Watkins Glen for $375 and have no trouble in driving it home in one day over all dirt roads.

Buy my season's coal, 5 tons pea at $5.40; 7 tons of chestnut at $6.00 per ton.

September 15, the great Freeze — water froze ½ inch thick and all vegetation, potatoes, grapes, tomatoes, killed.

Mother is very busy with three very interesting boys.

Addition to the barn — the garage part is done by Herb Wilson and Will Grodell — Lumber $143, labor, 86, 61 sacks of cement for the floor at 58c. Auto license, $5.05.

A great year with three little boys.

1914

February 25: Corner Hotel owned by C. A. Smith burned to the ground in a spectacular fire that threatened the Felts & Cagwin Store and adjoining property. Explosion of carbide tank the cause.

July 10: House painted by Frank Phelps and Herm Eckland, $63.

September 18: A young lady is born to us today at 3 A. M., Mary Shirley George. After having four boys in a row, this charming young lady receives a grand reception into our family and with wonder and appreciation by our three little boys and especially so by the proud parents.

World War I begins.

1915

Banking system for children already started.
John, $30 each year, already started.
Roger, $30 each year, already started.
Warren, $30 each year, already started.
Shirley, $50 for the first year and then each year $30 on January 1 to each child so that after a good many years quite unexpectedly each one had a considerable sum in their savings account which, of course, was added to by their own earnings.

Then, too, in later years $5,000 policies are taken out in the Massachusetts Mutual, January 29, 1929, for John and Roger; July 27, 1927, for Warren and Shirley; and October 24, 1934 for Billie. All of these are straight life becoming paid up policies in about 30 years.

August 29, 1916: Shirley, at 23 months, is a great little girl. Her mother is just putting her to bed and I hear her say with considerable emphasis: "My ba-ba Mama George." She and Warren take several bottles every day and then I hear her announce: "I want to get up, Mama George." She speaks with a great deal of determination and yet is the best natured, most teased and dearest little girl in the world. She talks everything and runs around outdoors and in all day long.

September 18: Shirley, 2 today – birthday cake and presents. She sings "Brighten the Corner" and "Long Way to Tipperary."

September 28: John, 7 years old today. Birthday cake, blue serge suit, $1 from Grampa George and other items. John is in the 3d grade and getting to be a big, strong boy.

1918 – 1919

I have no items for these two years but World War I was raging with greatest fury.

I enlisted and went in as a Captain of the Medical Corps of the United States Army and my station was in the Infantry Replacement and Training Camp, Camp Lee, Virginia. And my immediate station was in the 16th Battalion of the I. R. & T. C., later changed to the 6th Battalion. My service began September 12, 1918 and ended December 2, 1918.

John Dean George Sr., Captain Medical Corps, 1918

While my service in the Army was very short it was a very active one. I arrived in Camp Lee at the beginning of the world-wide epidemic of Influenza that cost so many lives everywhere. I was put in command of an emergency hospital in a barracks building holding about 100 soldier patients. The severity of the epidemic can be judged by the number of cases. Camp Lee had 70,000 soldiers. There were 20,000 cases of Influenza, 2,000 cases of Pneumonia and 700 deaths in a period of three months. Then came the Armistice and the separation from the service of 20 Medical Officers at Camp Lee and that was the end of my war service.

April 22: Another little boy born to us this day, William Brodhead George. A wonderful addition to our now growing family. Billie, as we shall call him, is a healthy, strong baby and as have been all the others, was born in the front bedroom downstairs. He has a wealth of heavy, dark hair at least 2 inches long.

1920

March 6, opened an empyema on Francis Sisbower on the iciest, windiest, craziest day out-of-doors — a day I remember — that cutter drive to Wood Creek.

March 20, go to Antwerp to see Mama Eddie, gall stone.

May 4, Lewis and Marion Edel, Casper and Sandra Kaiser and Mamie and Katharine killed by the 20th Century at Blackman's Corners.

May 31, dedication and unveiling of the massive stone monument on the Village triangle. Shirley unveils the memorial. Fred Merry presents the memorial and I make the acceptance address. Verona's greatest crowd in history.

Through all our years when the children were small, we have spent 2 or 3 weeks vacation at Antwerp with my wife's parents, but this year we spent at Scott Noose Park on Oneida Lake where they all learned to swim in 1921. I stood in water waist or shoulder deep and the 3 boys crawled up my body and dove off my shoulders and I became the fulcrum of their swimming maneuvers and the center of their safety zone.

April 14, 1922, go to Antwerp by way of Cicero with the Buick. Warren's birthday, 9, Roger's birthday, 11, John, 13, and Shirley, 8, and Billie, 4. All noted with the birthday cake and presents just the same as they have been and will continue to be through the years.

January, 1923, roads blocked with snow; first time a caterpillar tractor opens the road to Oneida.

Radio installed March 26; earphones and batteries and KDKA and WGY about the only stations.

Vacation with Will and family at Hollywood on the Raquette River. Fish all the streams, but no fish.

Warren joins the church September 9.

First concrete poured in reconstructing our highway on the Verona - Rome Road, October 17.

First baseball series on Radio — Giants, 5; Yankees, 4.

Meet Will and Lida for the Syracuse, 7 — Colgate 16 game. Warren goes with us.

Thanksgiving at Harold's at Antwerp: 21 present.

Christmas at home in 1923 and no snow, no sleighing, no skating. Very warm December.

I have written down about this Christmas just as I have most of them but this one I will tell about — the rush downstairs in early morning hours, the unhurried opening of the packages on the Christmas tree, and later in the day the chicken dinner with biscuit, mince pie and pumpkin pies and all the nuts and candies and a day long to remember. Presents listed this day:

Mother: Pearl beads, linen, books, stockings, fountain pen, slippers.
Dad: Traveling bag, gloves, shirts, ties.
John: Brushed wool sweater, shirts, slippers.
Roger: Brushed wool sweater, slippers, shirts.
Warren: Brushed wool sweater, violin, puzzles, sweater.
Shirley: Sweater, doll carriage, beads, middie, bracelet, barrette.
Billie: Sweater, drum, teddy bear, hammer and saw.

The year 1924 ushered in cold weather and a Browka boy was born February 29.

Roger has acute appendicitis 1:20 A. M., March 22. Taken to Broad Street Hospital and operated on by Dr. E. H. Carpenter at 10 A. M. Appendix post caecal, adherent, inflamed. Remains in hospital 13 days. Quite different than now in 1955.

April 22, Billie, 6 — cake and candles, tricycle, ball, handkerchiefs, candy.

Lane Construction Co. completes the Rome-Oneida road.

June 3, the dirigible, Shenandoah passes over Verona.

August 1, some of my patients this day: Bill Hoag, Frank Merrell, Helen Franklin, Joe Oatman, George DeGroat, N. Mumpton, Art Haberle, Amos Burmingham, Philo Parmalee, Jo Ott, Frank Havener, Herman Vaughn, Lewis Helt, Chet Stone, Fred Avard, Reuben West, Benoni Wood (Civil War Soldier), Elizabeth Beaver, Mrs. Lampman, Mart Crossett, C. H. Tufts, Lemy Belknap, Frank Newton. How many of these do you remember?

Very important day in Verona History — the distribution of poles for home and village lighting, October 3, 1924. November 3, electric light pole set in front of house. December 2, street lighting wires being strung today and Mason Burleigh starts wiring our house November 21.

December 5, electric lights in Verona streets and our home December 8.

December 25, Christmas Day and our Christmas tree trimmed with electric lights for the first time.

1925

I must reserve this space for John's activities in sports and other events. This was the time before league and before there was any place to play basketball except the old Town Hall, a small, short floor.

No special competitions in sports only as arranged on the spur of the moment.

In baseball it was the same — arranged games as you could and at that V.H.S. had a good team of baseball and basketball and played many fast teams and John played in all of these. With the coming of the new school came the new league with arranged games throughout the season and the beginning of real competitive series.

June 24, John graduates from Verona High School at the age of 15. He is the valedictorian of his class. He has had the highest standing in his class for 4 years and the highest individual scholarship in high school each year for 4 years and has also won all the prizes for highest scholarship for 4 years. Some record for a lad of 15. This, I must say, he never brought a book home to study

so he must have a brilliant mind and as far as that goes, none of our other children bring their books home to study.

August 8, go to Sylvia Lake and stay our vacation in Force Cottage. Part of the time in Antwerp fishing Indian River at the usual places, off the old bridge, scraggly holes, and over a long cast to the rock-bound streams. This fishing place has been our best place for many years.

November 14, Colgate 19 — Syracuse 7. Eddie Tryon Day. John, Roger, Warren and I attend the game. Rain. Muddy field but rain stops for the game and the hero of the day, Eddie Tryon, goes on to become this year's All-American.

November 25, Thanksgiving: Turkeys 20 & 16 pounds at Harold's (26) 27. Venison pot pie, Earl's (26) supper; chicken at Bill's (28); chicken and roast pork at Mama Eddie's (29) — 4 days of eat, sleep, play and visit. Home the 29th. This is the last of the real family assemblies with Mom's Father and Mother present.

Christmas not noted at all.

My notes were few and far between in this journal.

1926

April 22, Billie (8). Here is a sturdy boy and the finest in the world. Plays baseball from morning till night, Third grade, Miss Shea, teacher. Presents: bat, baseball, glove, pocketbook, shirt and tie.

April 26: New 5-passenger Buick sedan.

June 20: Roger 15, 5' 6" tall, wt. 165 pounds, junior in High School, famous athlete, strong as an ox. Can hit out a home run, run down and through a basketball court, great swimmer and diver. Excels in all sports.

November 25: Thanksgiving at home. Guests: Papa Eddie, Harold and family (5), Earle and family (3), Bill and family (4). Total 22. Two turkeys, 2 chickens and all the fixings.

December 16: Alice Evans dies of a coronary.

1927

January 29: Verona 30, Westmoreland 21, Girls 11-5, Roger as captain and manager of the team in the Madison-Oneida County League composed of Verona, Vernon, Westmoreland, Chittenango, Madison, and Munnsville.

February 1: Verona Orchestra meets at our house tonight. Personnel: Phil Smith and John Aegerter, Violins; Edith Link, Piano; Bob Merry, trombone; John D. George, Jr., cornet; Alden Hatch, clarinet; Warren Beaver, drums; Charles Patrick, saxophone.

March 26: Warren has his appendix out at the Broad Street Hospital. Surgeon, Dr. E. H. Carpenter. Appendix adherent bulbous and gangrenous. Drainage tube inserted.

April 7: Mother and I attend the wedding of John L. George and Adeline Seeley at Watkins Glen.

April 8: Mr. Sears of Buildings and Grounds of the State Department of Education explains the need for a new school, its financial problems and estimated cost, $40,000.

April 11: Warren comes home from the hospital completely recovered. A rather long stay.

April 27: First immunization clinic for diphtheria at Durhamville ever given in the Town of Verona. 49 children.

April 28: Toxin-antitoxin given at Verona. 121 children.

May 1: Will and Lida drive up from Watkins Glen.

May 5: 172 children given toxin-antitoxin in Verona.

May 9: Verona votes to build a new High School to cost $40,000. Vote for 101, against 16. I consider this one of the most successful projects that I have personally and almost alone promoted. I have worked for this for a long period, having meetings, interviews, talks before parent-teachers and other meetings and finally won out for a much needed modern school and modern school building.

May 24: Warren's birthday, 14. A stocky, sturdy boy, 5' 2", wt. 120 lbs. and even just out of the Hospital already going strong in baseball in spite of advice. Presents: shirts, stockings, Eversharp pen.

June 11: My brother, Will, dies suddenly of a coronary at Watkins Glen. He was Treasurer of the Watkins State Bank. The whole town mourned his death and this was a great shock to me and as I have said before, we were pals all through our lives. He is buried in Plessis Cemetery along with his wife, Lida.

July 2: Go to Sylvia Lake to clear the space for our expected cottage.

July 23: Foundation for Sylvia Lake Cottage laid out by Uncle Bill.

July 25: First stakes set for our New High School.

August 8 - 31: Build the cottage at Sylvia. E. B. Ferris, boss carpenter for 2 weeks. I take over the third week and build the porch. Helpers: John, Roger, and Warren. Uncle Bill builds the chimney; Papa Eddie quarries the stone.

September 18: Shirley's birthday, 13. Height, 5' 1", wt. 95 pounds.

October 11: Billie goes into the Broad Street Hospital to have his appendix out, Dr. E. H. Carpenter, surgeon.

November 15: John is staying the season with Uncle Bill.

November 16: Three cases of Small Pox.

November 24: Thanksgiving at Papa Eddie's, all there. I come home alone November 25 for an Abbuhl confinement and I remember that date. I stopped smoking that day.

1928

January 21: The Cheney store burned this morning. Built by Robert Leete.

February 4: William H. Eggleston has his appendix out at Broad Street Hospital.

March 2: Red Letter Day — New auditorium of the new High School opened for the game between Vernon and Verona. Score: Vernon 29, Verona 19. Girls: Vernon 6, Verona 4.

March 10: A Snowmobile trip noted.

March 12: First day in the new High School.

March 25: Another hectic game in the new gym — Vernon 15, Verona 16. Players: Roger, Warren, Drummond, Rebiscz and Pachkowsky. Shirley plays in the girls' game.

April 22: Billie 10, height 4' 7-¾", weight 76 lbs.

April 23: Verona against Vernon wins the first game of baseball in the League 22 - 9.

May 4: Verona 10, Madison 16.

May 10: Billie's team plays V & V corners and wins. Mother takes the team and also umpires the game.

May 11: Verona defeats Westmoreland 10 to 8.

May 15: "All a Mistake" presented at the new gym by cast: Warren, the hero in khaki uniform. Other notables in the cast: Willard Evans, Lois Holmes, Marjorie Stone, Flora Smith, Bolish Sarenski, Helen Clinch.

May 23:

DEDICATION
VERONA HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

Selection ..... *Verona Orchestra*
Invocation ..... *Rev. Graham*
Speech of Welcome ..... *Dr. J. D. George, Sr.*
Address In Behalf of Community ..... *Rev. Holmes*
A Forward Look ..... *Neva S. Angell*
Address, "Our Attitude" ..... *Roger H. George*
Selection ..... *Orchestra*
Speech of Introduction ..... *Prin. Willard T. Jones*
Address .... Avery W. Skinner of the Department of Education, Albany, N.Y.

This was the High Mark and completion of all our efforts for many years.

May 24: Warren 15, a member of the baseball, basketball and football teams and by nature a leader. Presents: knickers, tennis racket and balls, stockings and socks of fancy colors.

June 1: First air mail across New York State.

June 20: Roger 17. A big husky, wt. 180, a regular home run hitter, graduating June 26, general overseer of cars, adjuster, tinkerer of everything, mechanically minded.

July 7: A day at Sylvia. John, Roger, Warren and Ralph swim across the lake.

Vacation at Sylvia July 21 - August 13 completing the unfinished jobs of last year. The screens with John's help, put in 3 stairways, pump line to lake, celotex partitions. Bought a new 16- foot boat and Elto motor. Built dock.

September 4: Roger enters R. F. A. post-graduate course.

September 18: Shirley 14, 5' 3", wt. 105 lbs.

September 28: John's birthday, 19. He is in Colgate now starting his first year in pre-medical course after three years out of High School. One year post-graduate at V. H. S., 2d year post-graduate at R. F. A., 3d year with Uncle Bill at Antwerp. He is well prepared for Colgate and better fitted than to start college at 15.

October 5: Roger plays in the backfield with R. F. A. and wins from Vocational High 31 to 15. Is defeated by Oneida 18 to 6 and takes part in every game during the football season and then takes part in all the basketball and baseball games of 1928-29 season.

Warren a star player on the V.H.S. basketball, football and baseball teams.

Shirley best player on the V. H. S. girls' team in basketball.

December 25: Christmas at our house. Today all were home and a very merry Christmas it was.

1929

January 18: My wife's father, Richmond Howland Eggleston, is brought to our home by Earl with a serious heart trouble and shortly thereafter develops a thrombosis in the left leg and dies February 23. He was born in Antwerp October 22, 1851, son of John M. and Luana Seaver Clarke Eggleston, and is buried beside his wife in the Kinne Cemetery. I wish to pay this tribute to my father- and mother-in-law: I could not possibly have had dearer people to meet and be with during our many years of vacation time, always spent with them and their many visits to our home. Kindness and thoughtfulness and welcome always.

March 4: Radio reception is fine at the inauguration of Herbert Hoover as President.

On the V. H. S. basketball team are Clarence Arnott, Bennie Thorpe, Warren George, Leon Pachkowski, Attilio Urgani, George Charlebois and June Rumble.

On the girls' team are Mae Thorpe, Jessie Kinne, Shirley George, Margaret Breckenridge and Bernice Regner. Both these teams are members of the Madison-Oneida County League in Basketball and Baseball and in other activities so as to develop a wholesome rivalry among themselves.

May 18: Billie has the measles. Our other 4 have had measles and whooping cough.

Roger's record for the season playing with Rome Free Academy in baseball: Rome 8, Camden, 2; Sherrill 1, Rome 8; St. Aloysius 4, Rome 1; Utica 9, Rome 14; in the latter game Roger 4 hits, 2 doubles and in the play-off against Ilion winners of their respective leagues, Rome.

Warren's record for the season: Verona 5, Chittenange 2, Verona 8, Munnsville 6; Verona 6, Chittenango 6 (tie game); Verona 5, Madison 8; Verona 10, Westmoreland 5; Verona 5, Madison 4; Verona 7, Chittenango 10; Madison won 9, lost 1; Verona won 8, lost 2. Madison wins championship of the league.

May 24: Warren 16 today, a Junior in V. H. S.; second baseman on the baseball team, hitting 600, weight 150, height 5 ft. 6 in.; forward in basketball, center in football. First in scholarship in Verona High.

June 8: Our 25th wedding anniversary and a little ceremony at the house. Shirley plays the wedding march and Warren officiates and in the afternoon we go to Utica to see that play-off game between Rome and Ilion. Rome wins. Roger catches a fine game and in the evening we have dinner at the Hotel Martin and have "candies of all kinds."

June 9: John wins first prize at Colgate in the Lawrence Chemical Course, $150.

June 21: Bag and baggage we leave for Sylvia Lake. John, Roger, Warren, Shirley and Billie in the Essex; Mother and I in the Buick. Three hot days at the lake with swimming at its best.

July 11: Lowell Chamberlain dies of Lockjaw. A firecracker explodes in his hand July 4, untreated until too late.

July 16: My sister, Martha, comes down from Camden and she is very feeble.

July 17: Frank Northup dies in Buffalo.

September 1: Close the cottage at Sylvia and go the new road for the first time over the Ava hills, and Warren wins a motor race and $10 at the lake.

September 18: Here is our family: Shirley, 15, and a sophomore at Verona, John second year at Colgate, Roger in Cook Academy football bound, Warren senior at Verona, and Billie in seventh.

On the girls' team in basketball in 1929-30 games: Verona 10, Munnsville 11; Verona 15, Vernon 6; Verona 23, Madison 3, Feb. 7, '30; Verona 17, Munnsville 7, Feb. 14, '30; Verona 15, Chittenango 7, March 21; Verona wins the championship of the Madison-Oneida County League. Won 9. Lost 1.

In the meantime John plays in the Colgate band, Billie plays on the junior team. October 25, 1929 the Beacon Light starts operating, Roger has epidemic jaundice and "Rosamond" is given in the High School with Warren and Shirley talented stars.

1930

March 2: Attend a boxing bout in Syracuse between Syracuse and Dartmouth; and between Cook Academy and Syracuse Freshmen; John, Roger, Warren, Billie and I.

March 3: We entertain at bridge; Mr. and Mrs. Merry, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. George Dann, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Cheney, The Misses Pfeiffer, Law, Forshee and Mrs. Niebergall.

March 21: So ends the basketball season with tremendous enthusiasm and Billie has the whooping cough and we tap the trees in front of the house and sap is boiling merrily in the kitchen.

March 30: The Broad shelf in the kitchen is a must for all to remember. It has been there 22 years now and every one of you, as children, have sat on it to be washed and dressed by your mother. All the food has been stirred up on that shelf and the dishes washed and dried there and now, today, it is to be torn down to make room for the coal and gas range, the hot water heater and sink.

April 1 and now the new Dockash range, new General Electric refrigerator and the Pyrofax gas hook-up—slowly emerging from the good old days.

April 10: I read an article on "Serum Accidents" before the Doctors' Club.

April 15: Another baseball season opens in the Madison-Oneida County League. The Verona team is Pachkowski, p.; Charlebois, c.; Urgani, 1st b.; Warren, 2d b.; Arnott, s.s.; Rumble, 3d b.; Sarenski, r.f.; Halder, l.f. Verona 19, Vernon 0; Verona 2, Chittenango 0; May 6; Verona 14, Westmoreland 8, May 13; Verona 18, Vernon 1, May 16; Verona 13, Munnsville 6, May 20; Verona 9, Morrisville 5, May 26; Verona 19, Westmoreland 5; Verona 3, Chittenango 4; Verona 4, Madison 3, June 6; Verona 5, Madison 10 and now Chittenango wins the pennant by defeating Madison 6 to 4. Many exciting games.

June 13: Mother takes Billie's team to Lowell and defeats the Squaw Bush team 17 to 7.

June 16: John gets A's in all his subjects at Colgate. Still maintaining that mental supremacy as noted before.

June 23: Roger graduates from Cook Academy at Montour Falls and Mother and I attend.

June 24: Warren graduates from Verona High School, Valedictorian and all around student of his class of 18. Here is the class: H. Clinch, M. Cox, F. Halder, Lois Holmes, D. Ketter, S. Rebisz, B. Regner, E. Ronspee, H. Ruchti, B. Sarenski, B. Seifert, J. Siemasz, A. Smith, A. Stellwagon and M. Stone.

June 26: Our family has its picture taken today — John 20, Roger 18, Warren 17, Shirley 15, Billie 12.

June 27: Ringling Bros. in Utica. Shirley, Billie, Mother and I go to the circus.

June 28: John goes to 1000 Island Park for the summer.

July 4: Roger and Warren working in the pea vinery. Mother, Shirley, Billie and I with Helen picnic at Grove Springs. I make some willow whistles for surprised youngsters. Golf in the afternoon. Roger, 55, Warren, 54, Dad 56. Fireworks on the lawn at night. — A full day.

July 13: My sister, Martha, comes from Alma's. She is very feeble. I take her to her daughter's in Fonda, Helen's home, and she is very bad and delirious at times, but she wants to go to her home, with her daughter, Flo, in St. Albans, Vermont and she makes the trip there. We go to see her there and remain until her death August 26, 1930. Her body is taken back to her hometown and buried in Plessis Cemetery, in the lot with my father and mother.

September 9: Roger enters the pre-medical course at Colgate.

September 10: Warren enters pre-medical course at St. Lawrence.

October 18: This is the year of the great drought and the depression and the business outlook is bad.

December 25: All home for Christmas.

1931

January 12: Billie gets a broken collar bone with widely separated ends. Wired next day by Dr. Carpenter. Bart Wilgus falls on Billie sliding down the depot hill. Billie still wears that wire.

February 24: Roger breaks his 4th metatarsal at Colgate.

February 27: John is awarded the prize for excellence as a Junior in the pre-medical course at Colgate and he is accepted as a medical student at the Rochester Medical College. The 4-year medical entrance requirements and personal appearance are waived because of his high scholastic record at Colgate and recommendation of his teachers there.

March 18: The girls' basketball team with a 14-2 win over Chittenango takes the championship of the Madison-Oneida League. Won 9, lost 1. The team: Shirley, Breckenridge, Esma, Marie and Addie.

April 1: Great drought broken. No rain since June, 1930. Wells, big and little, and streams dry for months. Water was drawn from the Old Erie and Oneida Lake and tank truck loads were used to fill many cisterns.

April 13: Floor sanders here. Dining room plastered and dining room suite from Markson's.

May 16: Rain, rain, rain. Streams and wells full.

May 25: Shirley's premiere in "Who Kissed Barbara."

May 29: Trade DeSoto Coupe for a new DeSoto Coupe, $275.

June 12: Attend Potsdam Normal reunion, Class of '96.

June 23: Highest scholarship is won by Shirley at Verona.

July 19: Here we are: John at 1000 Island Park, Roger haying at Uncle Harold's, Warren down with the mumps and Billie just starting and Shirley getting ready for Lake Winnipesaukee trip.

September 16: John enters Rochester Medical School.

September 21: Warren and Roger are in pre-medical school at St. Lawrence. Shirley at Verona High and Billie a freshman.

December 25: All home for Christmas.

Perhaps this would be a good time to tell of our Christmas at home for the many, many years — the Christmas tree secured, the many trips to Rome and Oneida for the very secret gifts, the trimming of the tree, hanging the stockings, the early morning rush downstairs, the opening of the presents, the murmuring voices of our five, the scattered wrapping paper, red, green, yellow, all over

the floor. The breakfast of pancakes and Phillips sausage, another inventory of presents and the try-out of mechanical ones, The Brown-Colgate game, a stretch on the sofa or another try-out of the toys and games, or, for the older ones, a game of bridge and then the feast for the day — the chicken and biscuit dinner as only Mom could make, with mince and pumpkin pie, candies and nuts. What a meal those Christmas dinners were. We were and are a closely united family where love and kindness prevail and family pride endures.

1932

January 1: New Year's and all home and snow falling quietly all day long — reading, bridge, California-Tulane game, another big dinner and a fine, restful day at home for all.

January 13: I entertain for dinner the Doctors' Club at Hotel Oneida. Paper by Dr. Mills, "Chorea." Present: Drs. Pfaff, Finley, Davis, Kellner, Lewis, Rommel, Zaia, Lough, Carpenter, Mills, Conterman, Earl, Crockett, George.

February 5: Stag bridge at home: Roger; Warren; Fred, Bob and Warner Merry; Ray Pierce; George Agan; Toby Collins; George Dann; Ben Wilson; Stuart Edes; Tom Ray; George Felts; Rev. Graham; Hugh Jones, Willard Evans, Ted Miller, Billie and I.

March 7, 1932 will be long remembered as the worst storm and tie-up and damage done for the longest time that I remember. The journal of 1932, pp. 159, tells all about this storm and tie-up — no lights, no phone, no trips — almost a month's vacation.

June 1932 Shirley graduates with honor from Verona High School. I have the names of those who were in that graduation class. All through her school life she has been foremost in all school activities. During many strenuous years in competitive basketball in the Madison-Oneida County girls' school league she was the leading player.

In scholarship she is among the highest in grade.

The "Balfour Award" in recognition of outstanding ability in every endeavor in school work and given to the senior in high school was awarded to Shirley. The Balfour award stands for first in scholarship, loyalty and achievement and was first given in Verona High School in 1930. Warren received that honor in 1930 and Billie in 1935.

July 10: Mom, Warren, Shirley and Billie go to the Lake for the Summer. John at 1000 Island Park; Roger working in the ginseng for Uncle Bill.

July 31: Mother 50 today. We celebrate by going to Selkirk Beach on Lake Ontario and have a party there. All of our family there except John. Bill and Dora, Earl and Mayme, and Shirley and the Curtins. A beautiful day with a spanking breeze and high rolling waves and a red-red sunset.

August 2: Stanley Buda has tetanus from a torn off toe-nail on the farm. Intraspinal and intravenous antitoxin in massive doses results in recovery.

August 31: Four hundred miles is a long way to go to see a total eclipse of the sun. In two cars our family made this trip to coincide with a visit to Frank and Flo Schofield at St. Albans, Vermont.

The path of this eclipse was to cut a path 100 miles through northern Vermont and New England States. On this eventful day with Frank Schofield leading the way through the green hills and mountains of northern Vermont, we finally came near Newport, Vt. We saw the ever encroaching shadow on the sun and we either stopped our cars or hurried along to find that blue hole in the broken clouded sky.

On reaching Newport our party scattered. John, Shirley and party raced up on foot to the top of a steep hill overlooking Lake Memphramagog while Frank, Flo, Mom and I and our party wound up in a zoo.

Fortunately the sky was clear through that three minutes of totality. The stars came out in that mid-day darkness and jets of flame streamed out thousands of miles from the surface of the sun. We saw the shadow at the last moment move upon us at the rate of 20 miles a minute engulfing us in darkness. We saw the shadowy tremors chasing each other on the ground and up the trees, the frogs boomed out in sound and the bear moved away into the shadow. We saw the full glory of this pageant of the heavens – a spectacle we will never forget.

September 18: Herbie Patrick (21), life-long friend of our family dies of pneumonia.

November 7: In this period of the great depression, Franklin D. Roosevelt elected President over Herbert Hoover.

December 25: All home for Christmas and Shirley brings a French Exchange student, Francois Lambin, home for Christmas.

1933

February 2: Roger gets a fracture of the second metacarpal of the right hand in basketball play.

March 4: Roosevelt becomes President of U. S. and in the midst of this depression and in the fear of widespread bank failures closes on the sixth of March every bank in the United States, some to open March 10th, but some did not open until weeks and months later.

March 8: In the play-off at Canastota for the championship in basketball in the Oneida-Madison County League, Verona 28, Chittenango 17. The Verona team with points scored: Jenkins, c., 8; Billie, g., 5; Jones f., 4; Charlesbois, 4; Sarenski, 7.

March 10: Verona wins over Middleville in inter-league play-off at Oneida.

March 18: Verona is defeated by Sackett's Harbor in the final Class D play-off.

April 20: Billie and I set out 4 elms along the cemetery fence.

April 22: Billie at 15 weighs 156 lbs. and is 5 ft. 9 in. tall.

April 24: The icehouse back of the barn, having passed the period of usefulness with the coming of electric refrigerator, is given away and moved to the depot.

April 27: Two of our beautiful white birch trees have died of the blight.

May 20: Moving-up Day at St. Lawrence — Roger and Warren to Seniors, Shirley to Sophomore.

May 24: Warren 20 today. President of the Beta Theta Pi and working for his Phi Beta Kappa. A fine, outstanding student and foremost in scholarship.

June 20: Roger's birthday with golf at Beaver Brook: Roger, 80; Dad, 94; Warren, 91; John, 98.

July 31: Mom's birthday at Sylvia Lake.

August 5: John vacationing on Long Island.

August 19: Mother, John, Shirley, Billie and I start our trip to the World's Fair at Chicago — Buick to Buffalo, sleeper to Chicago. Take in the sight-seeing trip around Chicago, visiting all the big parks, see the only building left of Chicago's great fire in the early 70's, to the double-header and see Babe Ruth in action, then to the Century of Progress Fair. Roger and Warren join us after a trip to Mackinac Island where Warren was a delegate from his fraternity. After three days at the Fair we leave by the SS South America for the return trip to Buffalo, up Lake Michigan, through the Straits of Mackinaw, down Lake Huron stopping at Detroit, across Lake Erie — three days and nights on this delightful cruise to Buffalo, and then a long stop-over at Niagara Falls.

September 12: John goes back to Rochester, third year Medicine; Roger and Warren to St. Lawrence for their Senior year and Shirley also back to St. Lawrence, Sophomore year.

September 18: Shirley's birthday. You might ask how we were able to send four to college at the same time. I would say it was partly because of our children themselves. They were brought up in an atmosphere of thrift as their Mother and Father were before them. So they were thrifty, too. At the best the expense was large but in that atmosphere of need to be careful I know they kept their personal expense under modest control. Mother and I brought up, as we were, were not extravagant — far from it.

I know too that we had plenty of nourishing food, good clothing and a good, warm and comfortable home and if you have followed the spirit of this writing and the spirit of our children, you will know that they co-operated wholeheartedly in all our endeavors for their well-being. We do not profess to be model parents of model children, but we do know that we lived along with them in their lives during childhood and maturing years.

We went to church and Sunday School with them in the fourth row from the front on the lefthand side at the Presbyterian Church. We went to all their games at home and we took them to their games away for many years We were proud of their efforts whether they won or lost. In fact, we lived along with them in those formative years.

Our back lawn became the playing field for our children and for a whole group of school and neighboring children. No wonder I had so many broken windows in that group of windows in the garage; no wonder the grass didn't grow on that playground and around the house and front and side lawns. Now all beautifully lush and green, these same lawns miss the tread of scuffling feet.

These were the days of the depression, but with such a family, grown up in a happy, cheerful way of living, it was not so difficult, after all, to weather those many years of college life and then too, I owe it, in great part, to that large group of families living on farms and spread over a wide area for whom I was the family doctor for 40 or more years.

September 22: Now to return to my journal of 1933. I find that I am overwhelmed with football games with Billie on the High School team and Roger and Warren on the St. Lawrence Varsity team.

First Billie's games in High School and the team: Charlebois, QB; Jones, LH; Felts, RH; Vaughn, FB; Billie C; Acuri RG; Cmaylo RT; Taskey RE; Halder LT; Wilgus RG; and Sarenski LE. Verona 7, Clinton 0; Verona 39, Holland Patent 0; Verona 21, West Winfield 20; Verona 7, Whitesboro 0.

October 13: Roger and Warren at St. Lawrence: SLU 6, RPI 0; SLU 30, Hobart 0, October 21, '33; SLU 6, St. Michel 0, October 28, '33; SLU 12, Alfred 6; Roger has his nose broken in the Alfred game.

November 11: St. Lawrence 7, Clarkson 7. This is the classic of the north country and Warren is put in at center immediately after Clarkson scored in the first 2 minutes of play. In the final quarter St. Lawrence catches up with Clarkson to score and the game is 7 all. In the final few minutes St. Lawrence holds for four downs on the one-foot line and the game is over 7-7 and that is the end of collegiate football for Roger and Warren.

November 30: All home for Thanksgiving and Bill and Dora and Earl's folks all here.

December 8: Basketball begins in Verona High and the team: Billie and Harvey, g.; Jones and Felts, f.; and Sarenski, c.

December 8, Verona 52, Munnsville 21; Billie 10 points.

December 15, Verona 40, Vernon 15.

December 25: Christmas at home, all here, just the same for 25 years — little paddling feet then, now, all grown up but hurrying downstairs early in the morning to see what Santa Clause (?) has brought.

December 30: Coldest day in years, 34 below zero.

1934

January 1: New Year's and all at home — a 3-weeks long vacation for all our children and they have enjoyed the long days in games of bridge, cribbage, soldiers, even radio, late to bed, late to rise, gaining a few pounds and the Rose Bowl game, Stanford 0, Columbia 0, and when they leave at the end of their vacation here is where they are: John at Rochester; Roger, Warren and Shirley at St. Lawrence; and Billie, Mother and I here at home in Verona.

February 9: The Rome Sentinel says tonight: "This will be the coldest night ever recorded in New York State," and it was. Official thermometers were from 35 degrees to 60 degrees below zero and at the Rome Water Works the official reading was 45 degrees below. Our conservative thermometer registered 40 degrees below zero.

February 13: For the Washington trip, Eula Lennon and Billie rendered "We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines" and "Put Another Log on the

Fire." And numerous other skits by such famous artists as Bart Wilgus, Charles Felts, Red Vaughn, Ginny Eckhart, Betty Wilgus, Harvey Charlebois, Dorothy Hatfield, Jo Hand and others. A very successful entertainment.

February 20: Charles George, 56, dies in Plessis of a long-time failing heart. Fred and Charlie George were own cousins and playmates of Will and me through all our younger years. Mother and I attend the funeral at Plessis. N. Y., where my father and mother and grandfather and grandmother and great-grandfather and great-grandmother on the Brodhead and Storms side of the family are resting. In fact, the Plessis Cemetery is the burial place of all the Georges I have known except my Uncle Harry who, with my grandfather and grandmother Peck and great-grandmother Mary Mason, are buried in Barnes Settlement Cemetery.

March 9: Warren calls up to say he has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa Society and joins John in having this highest scholarship conferred upon him.

March 17: Verona has won 10 straight games in the Madison-Oneida County League and now defeats Middleville 35 to 17 and now, March 22, wins the inter-sectional championship by defeating Sackett's Harbor 28 to 17 at Verona.

April 22: Billie 5 ft. 9-¾ in., wt. 163, and a surprise birthday party by the boys' and girls' basketball teams.

May 18: Roger and Warren move out of the Senior class and Shirley moves up to Junior at S. L. U.

May 24: Warren 21 today, President of the Betas, on the golf team, football team for 4 years, Phi Beta Kappa, entering Rochester Med. School, 1934.

June 2: Hottest day, 100 degrees. Move down into the basement with cot and chairs.

June 5: Verona beats Madison 20-6 and wins the championship at Sherrill. Billie, 4 hits.

June 11: Roger and Warren graduate from St. Lawrence University. All attend but John.

June 20: Roger 23 today, a big strong, husky young man, ready for Rochester Medical School but still the one to look after everything at home, automobiles, lawn, garage. Everything.

June 24: Warren wins championship of Beaver Brook against Law McKevitt, 2 and 1, 35th hole.

July 16: Warren, renal colic, x-rays.

August 12: John and Lloyd Fitch take off on the bounding main at Sylvia with a sailboat, centerboard and all.

August 10: On pp. 47, Journal, 1934, are the directions for the well hook-up to the basement pump.

September 18: Shirley moves out of her teens.

John, 25, at Rochester, Senior year in medicine, has been outstanding student throughout his school and college days.

October 25: Here is a list of the doctors in the Doctors' Club: Germer, Ash, Barton, Pixley, Beach, Cuthbert, Rommel, Zaia, Taylor, Kellner, Mills, Crockett, Earl, Hall, Lawler, Lewis, Grant, Brooks, Pfaff, Conterman, Davis, George, Carpenter, Lough, Finley. In turn, one gives a paper during the month, and entertains another month. My paper was February, 1934. Host January, 1935.

October 22: Billie takes out Massachusetts Mutual policy for $5,000 as have our other 4 in previous years. Straight Life policy.

October 26: Verona's big year in Football.

Verona 13 — Sherrill 20
Verona 13 — St. Aloysius 12
Verona 40 — West Winfield 0
Verona 7 — Lowville 0
Verona 0 — Cortland 0
Verona 12 — Cooperstown 7
Verona 6 — Herkimer 6
Verona 35 — Frankfort 23
Verona 51 — Chittenango 23
Verona 40 — Westmoreland 24
Verona 31 — Oriskany 10
Verona 49 — Collegiate Center 21
Verona 55 — Vernon 12

November 10: Syracuse 10, Michigan State 0. Mother, Billie, John, Roger and Warren there.

November 15: New radiator in office. Warmer.

November 17: Syracuse 2, Colgate (?). Mom, Billie and I.

November 23: Mrs. Frank C. Phelps dies.

November 24: John drives to New Haven, Internship.

November 27: Basketball team in Billie's Senior year: Cmaylo, c.; Felts and Sarenski, g.; Billie and Charlebois, f. Games:

V. H. S. 24 — Sherrill 27
V. H. S. 27 — Chittenango 26
V. H. S. 44 — Westmoreland 11
V. H. S. 37 — Sherrill 25
V. H. S. 50 — Oriskany 15

December 25: Christmas. Roger, Warren and Billie down early to see what Santa Claus has brought. John, Shirley, Mother and Dad a little behind. Christmas tree, many presents, stockings all hung and the usual day of quiet and peace and happiness.

1935

January 1: Celebration at our house.

January 5: Shirley back to St. Lawrence. John, Roger and Warren to Rochester Medical School.

This has been a long and wonderful vacation for all of them; long days of play and rest, long nights of sleep. Bridge, pinochle, Cribbage, ball games, movies, reading, skiing, snowshoeing. Family ties are close in our family. May we never forget them.

March 27: Verona plays West Carthage, best 2 out of 3 for championship of Group D of Central and Northern New York schools.

Verona 30, West Carthage 25, March 27.

March 28, Verona 23, West Carthage 17, second game. Billie's last game in basketball. The team: Billie and Ted Sarenski, f.; Halder and Frank Sarenski, g.; Cmaylo, c. and that is the end of school athletics in which all of our five have actively participated.

April 13: Senior class leaves for Washington.

April 22: Vina Maloney dies in Antwerp.

April 29: John Link dies. He drove me in his bus the day I came to Verona, October 22, 1901.

February 24: Alicia Storms dies, daughter of Melancthon and Jane Storms and first cousin of my father. Uncle Melanc was a brother of my grandmother Marcia Storms George and their parents were William Storms and Elizabeth Brodhead and Elizabeth Brodhead's parents were Capt. John Brodhead of the Revolution and Mary Davis and were married in Marbletown in 1762.

March 19: "Haunted," play by the Seniors — Big mystery story. Billie hero; Eula Lennon heroine.

March 23: Verona vs. Old Forge in Group D play-off. Verona 41, Old Forge 26. The game was a bedlam from the start as Old Forge brought over the whole town and was bound to win. Poor losers. — Full account pp. 148, Journal, 1935.

May 24: Verona defeats Westmoreland in a close game in baseball, 8 to 7. Billie called in to pitch with score 5 to 2 against them and while he is not listed as a pitcher, wins the game with a triple and 3 hits. This team is Herzog and Billie, p.; Cmaylo, 1st b.; Byrnes, 2d b.; Billie and Red Vaughn, s.s.; Schallenberg, 3d b.; Halder, c. f.; Carver, l. f.

June 4: Chittenango wins the play-off over Verona for the championship of the Oneida-Madison League.

June 17: John graduates in medicine today from the Rochester Medical School and becomes an M.D. Mother, Shirley and I attend the graduation exercises. We took many pictures of John in cap and gown and they all turned out well. Then we had dinner with Jane and Lou Peck, my own cousins, and came home.

June 20: Roger 24, first year medicine completed.

June 28: Billie graduates from Verona High School.

July 4: John interning at Strong Memorial Hospital.

July 11: Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey at Rome. All attend who are at home. Vacation at Lake July 25-August 17. Quiet days of rest and reading. Very hot, water temperature 83 degrees.

August 10: Go to Plessis to see Fred George with Dr. Eddy. He is deeply jaundiced, very toxic, probable cancer of the liver in late stages.

September 16: Fred dies in Plessis, age 62. Fred and Charlie George were our favorite cousins of our younger days and we alternated most every

Sunday in visiting at Uncle Sanf's and Aunt Malvina's or their family coming to our house. Winter sports. Games in the barns. Summer fishing and swimming at Hyde Lake. Mother, Shirley and I attend the funeral.

September 18: Shirley 21 – back to St. Lawrence. Senior year.

September 24: Billie and Harriett start Collegiate Center, Rome.

October 3: Mussolini starts war against Ethiopia.

November 9: Billie and I pick out 15 Blue Spruce at Cleveland.

November 16: Colgate 27, Syracuse 0. Most important, John brings a lovely girl to the game and brings her down home to meet us. Lucie Syracuse.

November 28: Thanksgiving at Uncle Bill's. Turkey, duck, geese and "bear meat." – "Power plus food," says Warren.

December 25: Christmas and all home but John. Christmas tree, gifts, dinner, games and all.

1936

January 1: Dinner at the Hotel Oneida.

January 23: At the station the grist mill and coal yard and elevator burned to the ground in a howling blizzard at night with roads blocked and no help available. J. A. Frost, owner.

April 18: Billie president, Collegiate Center. Entertaining all collegiate centers in the State. Banquet, basketball, dance.

April 22: Billie 18, 5 ft. 10½ in., wt. 160.

Buick 89,000. Plymouth 20,000.

May 5: Warren writes us that John and Lucie are to be married May 9 and to inform us, a diplomatic note I infer.

May 9: John and Lucie are married today at Phelps, N. Y. and come directly to Verona where we entertained them at dinner at the Hotel Oneida. Lucie is a trained nurse at the Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester and a very lovely lady and I know we will love her as our own and time and 19 years have borne out that prediction. John takes my new Plymouth for his honeymoon at Sylvia Lake and New York City. Thus begins the married life of our oldest and may they live long and happily.

Lucie Syracuse was born in Batavia April 28, 1912. She is the daughter of Anthony and Rose Syracuse who were born in Sicily.

Anthony Syracuse born in Valledolmo, Sicily, March 22, 1873, and died in 1956.

Maria Grace Pulvino born in Valledolmo Sicily December 18, 1872, died in Batavia, N. Y. January 10, 1954. They were married in their home town in 1891.

Lucie is a graduate of Batavia High School and the Nursing School of Strong Memorial Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.

May 12: Warren accepts the residency in Pathology offered by Dean Whipple of Strong Memorial.

May 31: This is the history of the home where we have lived and where all of you were born. This house was built by Robert Leete, a cabinet maker, in 1868 and moved into on Christmas Day that year with his family. There was no previous building on this site. The Leete family had lived across the street in the Howard Dann home. Our barn was his cabinet shop and was flush-up with the sidewalk and later moved back to its present location. The long side wing was added in 1915.

June 9: Shirley graduates from St. Lawrence University. Mother and I attend.

August 2: A friend of Shirley's, Richard C. Pendell of Saginaw, Mich., who is taking his Masters Degree at Syracuse, where he met Shirley, is visiting us.

Richard Crego Pendell was born in Saginaw, Michigan, Jan. 3, 1913. He is the son of William Henry Pendell, born July 26, 1876 and Marguerite E. Crego, born Dec. 17, 1877. They were married April 30, 1908. Mr. Pendell died Oct. 1, 1931.

Richard is a graduate of Saginaw High School, class of 1931, of Michigan State and Cavalry ROTC 1935, and took his Masters Degree in Public Administration at Syracuse University in 1941.

In school and college he took an active part in baseball, basketball and football and was granted highest honors in these activities.

August 15: Introduce Dick to Sylvia Lake.

September 7: Billie defeats Al Ernenwein, the many times champion of Oneida Country Club - 8-6 in the play-off. This win was the sensation of golfdom and we have the picture.

September 14: Billie enters Colgate pre-medical course today.

September 18: Shirley's birthday and honored guest, Dick.

September 18: Here we are now:

John, interne at Strong Memorial Hospital.

Roger, third year medicine, Rochester Medical School.

Warren, fellowship in Pathology, Rochester Medical School.

Shirley, teaching at Bloomville.

Billie, first year at Colgate.

October 22: Arthur Ketter finishes the new roof on the house.

November 3: President Roosevelt re-elected President.

November 7: Another red letter day in our family. Shirley is married to Richard C. Pendell of Saginaw, Michigan, now teaching in Norwich. They were married in Binghamton. They came home the following day and we had dinner for them at the Hotel Oneida. Honeymoon had to be deferred because both were teaching.

December 19: John is appointed assistant resident surgeon of the Strong Memorial Hospital for 2 years.

December 25: All home for Christmas except John and Lucie.

December 20: Twins born to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Abel. Frederick Dean born the last day of Autumn, December 20, 10:30 P. M. and Barbara Jean born the first day of Winter, December 21, 9:30 A. M.

1937

January 1: A very festive occasion with all home including Shirley and Dick and Lucie and John.

February 12: An acute attack of Flu followed by maxillary sinusitis with pain and fever that keeps me down until February 22. Then to Strong Memorial for x-rays, excision of the uvula, a lay-off and trip to Florida for the first time beginning March 8. Roger and Billie arrive at the Geneva, Daytona Beach, April 27 and indulge themselves in golf, swimming, suntan and rides on the Beach. Home March 30.

April 5: Warren home with a strep throat and then on the 14th we go to Norwich for our first dinner with Dick and Shirley. Warren and Billie along.

April 22: Billie's birthday at Norwich — birthday cake by Shirley. Bridge, radio, golf balls and Niblick.

May 24: Warren's birthday and his Bobby Jones irons arrive and my set of 6 irons and 2 woods, and Dick and Shirley are up for the birthday.

June 20: Roger, 26. Big dinner and golf balls. John gets his new 2-door DeLuxe Plymouth Sedan.

July 13: Warren, in a surprise telephone call says he had his tonsils out July 10, O. K.

July 13: Roger and Billie go to Rochester to take part in the N. Y. State Golf Tournament. Billie loses in the first flight play-off. Roger goes to the semi-final in his flight and wins — clubs.

August 12: The overhead crossing at Verona is being built and the Verona Station as it has been known for nearly 100 years will be gone forever. First the signs on the depot: "VERONA — N. Y. 260 Miles; Buffalo 180 Miles", the gate house and the gates, the store and Post Office and residence, the Hotel across the way, the milk station, the feed and coal buildings, and the circular watering stone receptacle, in the middle of the Square, where thirsty horses and teams have driven up for a drink these many years. These landmarks will all be gone but will be long remembered by those who lived at the time but their existence will never be known by those of a new generation 20 years from now.

September 4: Mother, Roger, Warren and I attend a family reunion of my sister's family at the Walter Gunnerson farm home at Fonda. This will list that family as present at that time: Walter, Helen, Earl, Roy, Emma and Ruth Gunnerson; Frank, Flo, Nora, Bob, Roger, Carl, Eleanor and Barbara

Schofield; Ida Taylor; Claude, Alma, Helen, Jean and Lewis Richardson; Harry, Ruth, and George Eigabroadt. Helen, Flo, Ida and Alma are my nieces on my sister's side and Ruth, a niece on my brother's side of the house. We have a wonderful time and hotly contested ball game.

September 18: Shirley's 23d birthday. Candles, cake, presents and everything.

September 28: John's birthday, 28, in Rochester.

October 10: John and Lucie to take Shirley to the Strong Memorial Hospital for the coming blessed event.

October 12: Born to Shirley and Dick at 9:40 P. M. a little girl, Barbara Jean Pendell. Our first grandchild.

October 16: Mother and I drive to Rochester to see Shirley and the new baby who reminds us so much of Shirley when she was just a baby, too.

November 21: John applying for residency in the Strong. Roger interning in obstetrics and gynecology there.

November 27: Thanksgiving at home.

December 4: Verona Station overhead crossing open for traffic.

December 18: Begin my battle with pneumonia of the old fashioned type without the benefit of sulfa drugs or penicillin — non-existent then. A high temperature course which I fortunately do not remember. I was taken to the Oneida City Hospital, given a couple of transfusions by Roger, discharged a nurse, had some fancy dreams and otherwise came to the crisis by the big drop in temperature and clearing of the haze.

John came home from Rochester and looked after me, and the rest of the family took part in my care. John took care of the practice, too. After a long spell of recuperation I took over my practice January 25, 1938.

Pneumonias then were just like that, onset with chill, high fever, for from 5 or 6 to 9-11 days terminated by crisis and a drop to normal temperature within 12 or 24 hours or a fatal termination with delirium, toxemia and failing heart.

1938

February 27: Because of my pneumonia I was advised to go to Florida and Mother and I spent the month of March at the Geneva Hotel, Daytona Beach, Florida. Roger drove us down and after spending a few days flew back to Rochester and then Billie comes down to drive us back.

April 17: Roger, Warren, Billie, Shirley, Dick and Barbie home for Easter Sunday.

May 22: Gene Ferris tearing off the back porch preparatory to rebuilding the rooms for more office space and living rooms for John and Lucie and a large wonderful kitchen-dining room for Mother and me and downstairs bathroom and closet. The house is changed very much inside.

The home of the author, Verona, New York

June 20: Another red letter day in our family. Roger graduates from Rochester Medical School on his birthday. Mother and I attend and take pictures on the movie camera in cap and gown and go to dinner at Lake Ontario with the Bryan family.

June 27: Roger and Fred Bryan here studying for the State Board examination and Billie and Warren leaving for the N. Y. State Amateur Golf Championship at the Schuyler Meadows Golf Course. Goes into the finals.

On July 1, 1938 John and Lucie come home to live in the part of our house that had been prepared for them and John takes over the items of our everyday business in the journal. As a result I have no more daily or weekly items to remind me of the events of those years up until August 1942 when John entered the Service in World War II.

I can only say they were busy years for our whole family. John here at home with me in a busy practice. Roger and Warren busy in their medical school work, internship, and residences in Strong Memorial Hospital. Shirley living in Norwich with Dick teaching there and Billie taking the pre-medical course at Colgate and Mother and I keeping the home open for the married and unmarried in our family.

One thing I remember vividly when Mother, Bill and I were at the World's Fair in New York City and that was the violence of the bombing of London across the Channel by the Germans. Before our entry into World War II the war in Europe had erupted with greatest ferocity. Hitler's hordes had overrun Holland, Belgium and France and now stood on the shores of France after the British retreat across the Channel and were bombarding London day after day with most violent air attacks.

I remember going into one of the large exhibition halls of that Fair when almost hourly the British Broadcasting Station was sending the progress of the defense of London and England. England's air power was pitifully weak but in the end they withstood the German attack and were saved from invasion and conquest.

We were not at war then, but the portents of coming war were then clearly evident and it needed only the spark at Pearl Harbor to touch off the mighty conflict of World War II.

And during this period there is born to John and Lucie, February 26, 1939, a little boy, John Dean George, III, and to Richard and Shirley, a little son, Richard Crego Pendell, May 31, 1940 and another son to John and Lucie, April 13, 1941, David Richmond George.

And also during this period of no notes in my journal occured the marriage of our son Warren Eggleston George to Margaret Clark who was born April 20, 1916, and who is the daughter of Harold Metcalf Clark and Winifred Robinson.

The marriage was at the Episcopal Church in Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y., April 20, 1940 and our entire family was present at the beautiful wedding ceremony and reception.

Margaret is a graduate of the Northfield School for Girls at Northfield, Mass. and also of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

The sun shone bright and the air was crisp and cool that day in December, 1941, when my wife and I drove down to Norwich to see Dick and Shirley and Barbara (3) and Richard, Jr., 1½ years old.

We had a lovely dinner and a few games of bridge and were ready for lunch at 6 o'clock before our return to Verona.

According to custom I turned on the radio to get the usual run of the news – the weather, fires, accidents, and the casual news of the day from here, there and everywhere.

Instead, there came the news that had been filling the airways all afternoon from every station in the United States and the world that Japan had bombed Pearl Harbor, that our naval fleet there had been destroyed and that thousands of American lives had been lost.

That day was December 7, 1941, and that act as described by President Roosevelt was an act "unmatched in infamy." Japan had struck without previous declarations of war.

The Japanese fleet under command of Vice Admiral Nagumo had traveled at full speed from their point of rendezvous at the Kurile Islands to make their attack on Pearl Harbor on Sunday because the American Fleet returned to base on Sundays after the week's training period. The time set by the Japanese Commander was to be at 7:50 in the morning.

At 7 o'clock that Sunday morning a sailor at the radar screen called the attention of his lieutenant to planes in the sky to the northeast. This was dismissed by the lieutenant as probably our own American planes on a training mission. Years after, this lieutenant was raised to High Grade in the Navy and the Navy sailor returned after the war to his native town of Williamsport, Pa.

So, with one bold stroke, Japan had precipitated upon the United States World War II that was to include practically all the nations of the world and to eventually include one after another our whole family.

That evening in Norwich as we turned the dial on our radio from station to station we heard the details of the disaster over and over again by the Japanese bombers, the unpreparedness for a surprise attack by the commanders of our land, sea and air forces and the pitiful defense at this important outpost in the Pacific.

That night in our ride back to Verona our emotions ran riot as we heard over and over again the catastrophe that had overtaken our nation and we could not help but know that it would eventually include all our sons and result in the disruption and disorganizations of all our families.

This is not a history of World War II. It has only to do with the history of our family in that war taken in notes from my journals and from the condensed statements furnished to me by my four sons and son-in-law for the purpose of writing this story.

All through my practice in my journals of accounts I have appended after the day's work many times, many items of our family and here in these journals I plan to follow our five through World War II for four years as I wrote them down at that time.

And who and where are our family of five at the beginning of this war?

John D. George, Jr., M. D., practicing with me in Verona.

Roger H. George, M. D., finishing his residency in Strong Memorial Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.

Warren E. George, M. D., finishing his residency in Strong Memorial Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.

Richard C. Pendell, teaching in the city schools at Norwich, N. Y.

William B. George, a student in Rochester Medical School.

And what of the women of the family?

Shirley George married to Richard C. Pendell.

Lucie Syracuse married to John D. George in Verona.

Roger H. George unmarried.

Warren E. George married to Margaret Clark in Rochester.

William B. George unmarried.

And then there is Mother and Dad in Verona.

The items in my journal begin August 27, 1942, the day that John left for Service.

Previous to this Dick, a reserve officer from Michigan State, had been called as he expected, and the date of his entrance as a First Lieutenant into the Army of the United States was February 10, 1942, and his station was at Ft. Ontario, Oswego, New York. He and Shirley had lived at Norwich and they had two children then.

Roger had enlisted while serving his residency in Strong Memorial Hospital, Rochester, New York, after graduating from Rochester Medical College. He was called into Service May 18, 1942, with the rank of First Lieutenant in the Army Medical Corps of the United States and his station was Langley Field, Virginia. A notable event in the lives of two in our family was when Roger came home on leave for his wedding at Oswego, New York, to Loretta Halleck, July 25, 1942. Roger, home in uniform, married a very lovely girl, a former nurse and

The entire family in our first war picture with Dick in uniform. Children in front row; Barbara, John D. III, David with Richard Jr. held by his mother Shirley. John and Lucie' Mother and me, Peggy and Warren, Dick and Shirley, Roger and Billie.

teacher, and the wedding and reception was a red-letter day in all our lives. At the end of their honeymoon the bride returned with her husband to their headquarters home in Langley Field, Virginia.

Loretta was born in Oswego, N. Y. Feb. 8, 1910, the daughter of Charles Nathan Halleck who was born Oct. 19, 1875 and Nettie Adella Coe who was born Sept. 10, 1882. They were married Nov. 12, 1902. Mr. Halleck died Feb. 11, 1941.

Loretta is a graduate of Oswego High School and the Syracuse University School of Nursing. Following her graduation she was school nurse at Tully, N. Y.

John had enlisted during the summer of 1942 and the new house that he had started in 1941 for his home and office was just completed. He and his wife, Lucie, with their two children, John Dean III and David, had just moved into their new and beautiful home when he was called into Service August 27, 1942, as a First Lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the Army of the United States. His station was Ft. Hamilton at Governor's Island in the harbor of New York City. A few days before he left for Service he and Lucie had Open House for friends and neighbors in their new home.

From this time on, August 27, 1942, I will take up my notes as they appear in my journals for the next four years. Some are brief, some in detail, many interesting as to time and place and service of our five in World War II.

1942

August 27 — John leaves for the Army today.

August 28 — Roger is stationed at Langley Field, Virginia.

August 28 — Dick is stationed at Fort Dupont, Delaware.

August 28 — Warren is resident surgeon at the Strong Memorial Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.

August 28 — Billie is in third year medicine in Rochester Medical School.

August 28 — Shirley and Richard, Jr. with Dick at Ft. Dupont; Barbara, 5, with us in Verona. Lucie and Johnnie, 3, David 1½, in Verona; Warren and Peggy in Rochester; Bobbie and Roger at Langley Field, and Mother and Dad right here at home in Verona.

September 1 — John, after an overnight stay at Governor's Island, transferred to the Station Hospital at Ft. Dupont, Delaware — A coincidence, John and Dick at the same station.

September 4 — Dick's mother and sister, Martha, here in Verona to see Dick, on a seven-day leave.

September 9 — Dick goes back to Ft. Dupont and Lucie goes with him to see John.

September 13 — John goes to his new assignment at Ft. Hancock, New Jersey.

September 18 — Shirley's birthday, 28. Present: Barbara, 4, Richard, Jr., 2, Mother and I.

September 28 — John home on a 24-hour leave for his birthday, 33. Present at steak dinner at Lucie's: John, Lucie, Johnnie, David, Shirley, Barbara, Dick, Jr., Mother and Dad.

October 10 — Dick drives home with the Plymouth.

October 11 — Iron scrap drive for the war. Cemetery cannon sacrificed.

November 8 — General Eisenhower lands a mighty fleet at Casablanca to help the hard pressed British drive the Germans and Italians out of North Africa.

November 24 — Shirley, Barbara and Dick, Jr. leave for Ft. Dupont to be with Dick for a time.

November 26 — Thanksgiving at home. Present: Warren and Peg, Billie, Lucie, Johnnie, David, Mother and I. Absent: John, Roger, Bobbie, Dick, Shirley, Barbara and Dick, Jr.

November 27 — The French fleet of ships scuttled and sunk to prevent falling into the hands of the Germans.

December 25 — Christmas Day. Dick, Shirley and family up from Ft. Dupont. John home from Ft. Hancock. Billie home from Rochester and Lucie, Johnnie and David, Mom and I. Big turkey dinner.

January 4 — Shirley has a call from Dick to meet him in Trenton. Last call for overseas service.

January 5 — Shirley returns from Trenton where she sees Dick for the last time before he leaves — probably for North Africa.

January 6 — Roger and Bobbie come home on a 10-day leave from Langley Field, Virginia.

January 8 — Born to John and Lucie at the Oneida City Hospital their third little boy, Robert William George. Roger and I officiating.

January 9 — Billy comes home from Rochester to see the new baby and Roger and Bobbie.

January 14 — Roger and Bobbie return to Langley Field.

January 16 — John comes home on a 7-day leave to see his new son, Robbie.

January 23 — John returns to Ft. Hancock.

January 25 — Dick lands at Casablanca after leaving New York January 13. He is now First Lieutenant of Company B, 101st Military Police Battalion in North Africa.

January 31 — Born to Warren and Peg at the Strong Memorial Hospital at 3 P. M. a son, Warren Eggleston George, Jr.

February 2 — Roger receives his Captaincy at Langley Field, Virginia. The first of our five to be promoted.

February 15 - 20° below zero this morning.

March 2 — Mrs. John Morris tells me as Harley Leete has already done, that this house and home of ours was built by her father, Robert Leete, in 1868 and that they moved into their new home on Christmas Day, 1868.

March 19 — Billie arrives home tonight having completed his third year in medicine. Now he will start his Senior year March 29 which he will complete in December of this year. Of such are the exigencies of war and the need for doctors in the war.

April 23 — Shirley, Barbara and Dick, Jr. living here with us. Dick in North Africa. Roger and Loretta at Langley Field. Warren and Margaret and son in Rochester.

May 30 — Born to Roger and Loretta at Langley Field, a son, Roger Hollett George, Jr.

May 17 — Warren takes over my practice for his two weeks vacation. He is very busy.

June 12 — Billie comes home for his summer vacation.

June 15 — John arrives home from Ft. Hancock to report to Carlisle, Pa. June 19.

June 18 — Picnic at Lucie's. Present: John, Lucie, Johnnie, 4, David, 2, Robbie, 6 months, Dick, Jr., 3, Billie, Mother and I.

June 21 — Mother, Billie and I leave by train to visit Loretta and Roger and the new baby at Langley Field.

July 1 — Billie inducted into the army as a private and leaves for Camp Dix.

July 1 — Warren comes home having completed his medical residency in Strong Memorial Hospital and is awaiting his call into the army. Meanwhile he takes over my practice until he is called and Peggy and Warren Jr. are living here with us.

September 6 — Warren spends a very busy summer and enjoys the work of being a doctor and being on his own.

September 7 — Warren enters the service as Lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve and his station is Newport, Rhode Island.

September 10 — Dick, after being in active service in North Africa and having been promoted to General Mark Clark's 5th Army headquarters, lands at Salerno Beach, Italy, under heavy fire. Beachhead desperately defended there.

September 8 — Italy surrenders but Germany holds all of central and northern Italy.

September 18 — Shirley has another birthday and Dick, John, Roger, Warren and Billie, all of our five now in World War II. Present: Lucie, Johnnie, David, Robbie, Peggy and Warren, Jr., Shirley, Barbara, Dick, Jr., Mom and I.

September 26 — John is on alert for overseas with the 145th Station Hospital at Ft. Dix.

October 1 — After being with us for 3 months and after having difficulty in getting gas, Peggy and Warren, Jr. leave by automobile to join Warren at Newport, Rhode Island.

October 12 — Barbara's 6th birthday here. Guests: Johnnie, David, and Roger Jr. to the Empire State in Syracuse for their return to Langley Field Air Base.

October 9 — John calls for Lucie to come to New York City to meet him before embarking for overseas service.

October 12 — Barbara's 6th birthday here. Guests: Johnnie, David, Terry, Eddie, Dickie and Judy Millspaugh.

October 13 — My 70th birthday and here are our family — John at Ft. Dix with the 145th Station Hospital; Dick with General Mark Clark's Army in Italy; Roger in Obstetrics and Gynecology at Langley Field; Warren at the Naval Base, Newport, Rhode Island; Billie in uniform ready to graduate from the Rochester Medical School.

October 23 — John home from Ft. Dix. He did not go overseas as he expected.

November 6 — John home from Ft. Dix.

November 27 — John receives his Captaincy at Ft. Dix.

Family gathering — all here except Dick who is in Italy

November 27 — Thanksgiving at home. Present: Shirley, Barbara Dick, Jr., Johnnie, David, Robert, Lucie, Billie from Rochester, Mother and I.

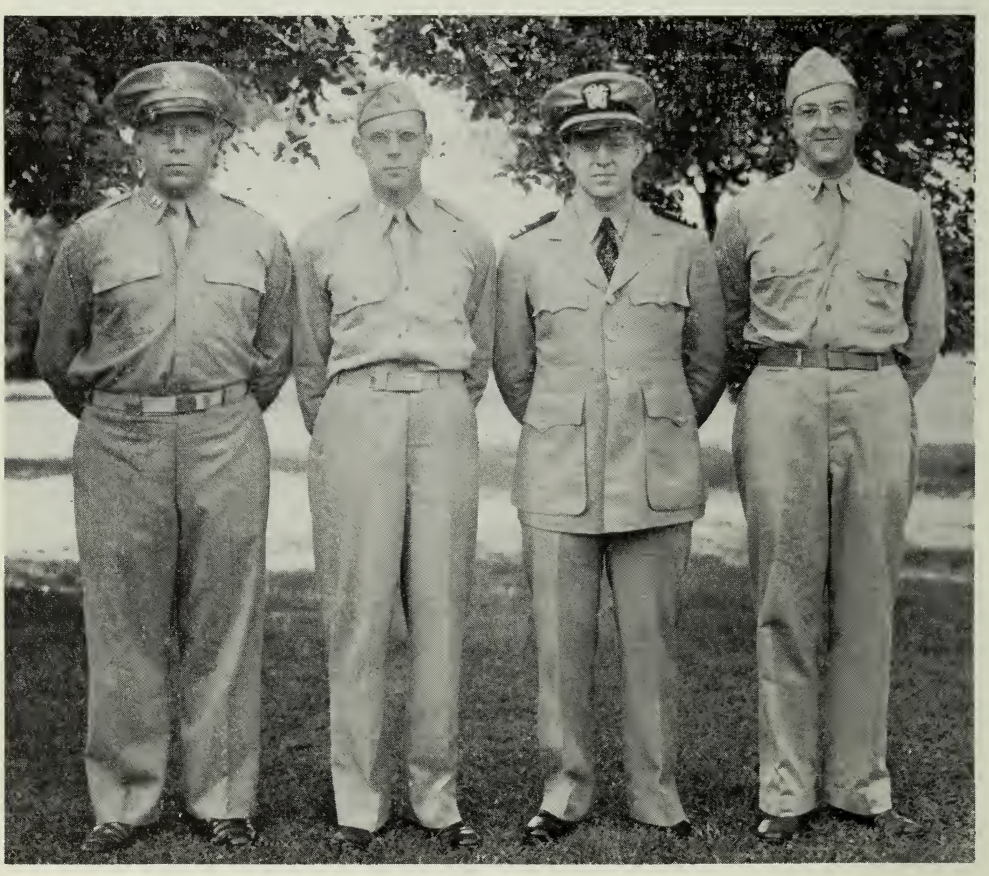
December 5 — John comes home wearing his Captain bars.

December 18 — Billie graduates from Rochester Medical School with rank of 1st lieutenant. This is our fourth son to receive his medical degree. Mother and I attend the graduating exercises.

December 25 — Christmas and John and Billie home. On Jan. 1 Billie begins his 9 months internship before going into active service. Warren and Peg in Newport, R. I. Roger in Langley Field and Dick in Italy. We have an hilarious group of children and many presents at both houses.

1944

February 12 — Almost a family reunion today. Roger, Loretta and Roger, Jr. here from Langley Field. John home from Ft. Dix on the Wolverine. Billie home from internship in Strong Memorial. Shirley, Barbara, Dick, Jr., Mother and I here in Verona.



Our four boys home together for last time before end of War.

February 16 — Shirley and Richard, Jr. leave with Roger and Loretta and Roger, Jr. for Langley Field by automobile.

March 5 — Dick is in command of the 61st Military Police Battalion in Italy.

May 9 — John and Lucie's 9th wedding anniversary celebrated at Dibble's Inn. Present: John and Lucie, Mother, Mame, Helen, Shirley and I.

May 17 — Telephone from Warren saying that he is being transferred to San Diego, California.

May 19 — Warren, Margaret and Warren, Jr., arrive home from Newport, Rhode Island in preparation for leaving for San Diego.

May 19 — John home for the day.

May 19 — Roger transferred to the Air Force Flight Surgeon's School at Randolph Field, Texas for further training.

May 22 — Billie home to see Warren before he leaves.

May 23 — Warren has his birthday cake one day in advance here at home as he leaves tomorrow for the West Coast and further orders.

May 24 — Warren's birthday and Peggy, Mother and I take Warren to Syracuse to take the midnight train for the West and the long Pacific Service. These are Warren's orders: "First Marine Force, San Diego area, for duty under instruction at the Medical Field School Service, Camp Pendleton, Ocean Side, California, and upon completion of instruction, assignment to Medical Battalion, Third Amphibious Corps and for duty outside the continental limits of the United States."

Being attached to an amphibious corps in the Pacific means the long journey across the Pacific, half way around the world, for the seaborne invasion of one or more strongly held Japanese island bases. Where — we can only guess — The Mariannas, Iwo Jima, The Philippines, Okinawa, even Japan itself.

May 30 — John leaves for Camp Ellis, Illinois, where his 145th Station Hospital is located.

May 30 — The Honor Roll for World War II dedicated today in the Memorial Day Service. It contains the names of all our five: John, Roger, Warren, William and Richard.

D Day, June 6, 1944

This is D-Day — the invasion of the mainland of France from England.

I did not let this day pass without making some comment on this momentous event in the history of World War II.

For two years there had been gathered as secretly as possible on the British Isles, the greatest rendezvous of man power and military preparedness in the history of the world to make this amphibious landing on the beaches of France.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of all the allied armies was in command of this invasion fleet which consisted of 600

United States and British warships, 4,000 invasion vessels carrying millions or men, thousands of airplanes carrying airborne troops and troops from glider planes.

All of the units of this invasion fleet, with precise directions, and being guarded by every conceivable protection — aircraft carrier, battleships torpedo boats, submarines, minesweepers, cruisers, and aircraft — landed on the shores of France between LeHavre and Cherbourgh and established their beachheads there.

The preparation along the shores of France, now entirely held by the Germans, for such an invasion had been completed. The resistance of the Germans was costly to the allied armies in men, ships, and supplies but the beachheads which were established were firmly held and the success of this landing is a portent for disaster to Hitler and the German armies.

This invasion was not made until success was assured and failure unthought of. A day of destiny had passed in World War II.

June 15 — Superfortresses bomb Japan for the first time.

June 15 — Saipan beachhead established.

July 3 — Lucie and Johnnie III, David and Robbie leave for Camp Ellis to join John.

July 31 — Warren goes on his ship in San Diego harbor for his long, long journey with the Third Amphibious Corps for a destination unknown but somewhere against the Japs in the wide Pacific.

September 2 — Shirley, Barbara, Richard, Jr., Peg, Warren, Jr., Mrs. Pendell, Mother and I go to Sylvia Lake to close the Cottage and remain a few days if the weather is good.

September 18 — Shirley's 30th birthday. Fine dinner by Mrs. Pendell, Shirley's mother-in-law, at Hotel Cleveland.

September 20 — John's letter brings a long expected change. He is put in command of a hospital train effective September 21st.

September 20 — Warren's letter suggests the Mariannas.

September 20 — Roger is expecting a change.

September 20 — Dick is moving up Italy with the 5th Army.

September 21 — Billie has his orders to report to the Halloran Hospital, Staten Island, New York, October 7. Halloran Hospital is the reception center for the wounded from Europe.

October 2 — Billie completes his medical course in the Strong Memorial Hospital, Rochester, New York, and is now home for a busy week in preparation for entering the army as First Lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the Army of the United States at Halloran Hospital, Staten Island, New York.

October 5 — We take Billie to the 9:50 train in Rome to go into the Service. Billie is our youngest and the last of our five to be in Service in World War II.

October 30 — John, Lucie and family come home from Camp Ellis for his new assignment.

November 13 — John leaves for Camp Edwards at Falmouth, Mass., his last before leaving with his hospital train for overseas.

November 28 — John comes home from Camp Edwards. His outfit, the 79th Hospital Train, will consist of 16 coaches in France for transportation of wounded from evacuation centers or hospitals to ports or other stations. The personnel of this train, under John's command, will consist of three other medical officers, 8 nurses, and 50 Medical personnel.

November 27 — Another red-letter day in our family: Born to Warren and Margaret a little son, William Hill George, at the City Hospital in Meriden, Conn., the 27th day of November, 1944. Warren is possibly on Guadalcanal.

November 27 — Shirley leaves for Meriden to help.

December 8 — A card from John today giving his A.P.O. 18011.

December 12 — Lucie has a good-bye call from John.

December 14 — John calls from Boston to come there.

December 15 — Lucie leaves on the 9:15 A. M. train for Boston.

December 17 — Lucie comes home from Boston seeing John for the last time before embarkation for overseas, probably Europe.

I write these last short items down to show, as it has been with every one in our family, when the last good-byes are said and they are leaving for a great uncertainty in a great war, they want, at the last moment, to see the one nearest and dearest to them.

December 18 — Shirley comes home from Peggy and the baby.

December 20 — Billie comes home from that tough indoctrination course at Carlisle, Pa.

December 25 — Christmas at home. Shirley, Billie, Barbara, Richard Jr., Lucie, Johnnie, David, Robert, Mother and I.

1945

January 1 — Here is where we are on this first day of the year, 1945:

John is on the High Seas bound for Europe.

Roger at Langley Field in charge of the Obstetrical and Gynecological Departments in caring for the wives and children of the soldiers.

Dick is in Florence, Italy.

Warren on Guadalcanal or roaming the wide Pacific.

Billie leaving for Carlisle, Pa., for transfer to LaGarde General Hospital, New Orleans, Louisiana.

January 2 — John cables — New Year's Greetings — indicating his safe arrival overseas.

January 10 — Warren promoted from Lieutenant Naval Reserve to Lieutenant.

January 11 — John's letter today states he is in England.

January 11 — Letter from Warren confirms his promotion.

January 14 — John is in Glasgow, Scotland.

January 27 — John is in Paris.

February 1 — Dick is in the Appenines, Capt. of the Military Police Battalion of the 5th Army.

February 1 — Billie is in pediatrics at the LaGarde Hospital in New Orleans.

February 2 — Billie telephones that he is being transferred to Camp Beale, Marysville, California, arriving there February 8.

February 21 — Roger being transferred from Langley Field where he has been since May, 1942, to Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin. He has a 2-weeks leave and will be home with us until he leaves with Bobbie and Roger, Jr. for his new station.

February 23 — Roger and family arrive from Langley Field.

February 27 — Billie calls from somewhere on the Pacific Coast saying he is already to embark for overseas service in the Pacific Ocean area.

February 28 — Billie calls again because his Mother was not here when he called last night. This is the last time we will hear his cheery voice for many months and until he returns. And so goes our youngest into the uncertainties of a great Pacific campaign against the Japanese. Last good-bye and we hope he meets Warren somewhere on that wide expanse of water.

March 8 — Roger reports today at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin.

March 13 — Letter from Peggy saying Warren is at sea again leaving his post at Guadalcanal March 1st, where he has been stationed for several months. Now moving westward toward the great fleet concentration base at Ulithi for the recovery of the Philippines, Okinawa and the attack on Japan.

March 14 — John transferred to a new route out of Paris with his hospital train — probably Marseilles.

April 1 — Dick receives his captaincy, personally, from General Mark Clark, Commander of the 5th Army in Italy, as they continue to advance against stubborn resistance of the German Army.

April 1 — A flash on the radio this morning saying that Admiral Nimitz, Commander of the Third Amphibious Marine Corps has invaded Okinawa. Warren will be there.

April 12 — President Franklin D. Roosevelt dies suddenly at Warm Springs, Georgia, of a massive brain hemorrhage. President Roosevelt was beginning to serve his fourth term in the Presidency.

April 13 — Billie writes from Saipan of the Marianna Islands that he came by plane from the Hawaiian Islands. Saipan is 9000 miles from home and Okinawa 10,500.

April 16 — Peggy receives a cable from Warren saying he is in a hospital. No other word than that. We are all worried and apprehensive.

April 18 — Peggy receives a letter, as we do also, from Dr. M. A. Dick, Warren's outfit commander, saying that Warren has received a wound in the left shoulder as the result of enemy action.

April 20 — Here is Warren's letter of April 15. "I went ashore with the invasion fleet and did considerable work with our portable hospital unit for four days and enjoyed the work very much. We were in a relatively safe area and the thought of injury was very remote with us. But such is life. We never know. Now back in my old stamping grounds of last September and October on the Mariannas and there is much activity here." End of letter.

The details as told later were that Warren and two other Medical Officers with a portable hospital unit were working about a native Okinawa cabin giving medical service to some native Okinawans. A lone Japanese plane came over and opened fire upon them. Warren and one of the other medical officers went down. This other medical officer had an eye taken out and Warren was hit in the left shoulder by a 20MM shell. Both were taken to the hospital ship where Warren's shoulder was x-rayed. That night his shoulder was operated on and the shell was chiseled from the upper part of the humerus. It had imbedded itself in the bone and finally, after being carefully removed, was found to be an explosive shell that did not explode. The nurse to whom the shell was given was directed by the Medical Surgeon to drop it over the side of the ship.

Warren, I am sure, owes his life to the fact that the shell did not explode. This being a compound fracture of the humerus demanded many days on shipboard back to the hospital on Guam, a heavy plaster cast and many injections of penicillin.

April 26 — Letter from Warren on Guam. He says he is feeling fine. Warren is like that — minimizing to his wife and the folks back home the shock he must have endured and the pain and the cumbersome load of the heavy cast during his days on that hospital ship.

May 2 — Germany is doomed.

Hitler commits suicide in Berlin.

May 4 — Warren arrives in Oahu, Hawaiian Islands.

May 5 — Roger goes to the Flight Surgeon's Tactical Course at Orlando, Florida, for a 3-weeks' course beginning May 11.

May 8 — VICTORY IN EUROPE. This Is V. E. Day.

All the enemy armies of Europe surrender to the Supreme Commander, General Dwight D. Eisenhower and the war in Europe is over. The war against Japan still continues.

And on this day where do we find our five?

John, Capt., M.C., Hospital train with headquarters in Paris, France.

Roger, Capt., M. C., at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin.

Dick, Capt., 61st Military Police Battalion, somewhere in northern Italy.

Warren, Lieut., United States Naval Reserve awaiting transportation home from Pearl Harbor.

Billie, Lieut., Medical Corps, U. S. A., stationed at Saipan on the Mariannas.

May 13 — Dick writes he was in Verona, Italy, today.

May 17 — John writes he has a new station in Liege, Belgium.

May 30 — Warren telephones from Oakland, California that he has just arrived by plane from Oahu.

May 30 —John has been separated from the 79th Hospital train in Liege, Belgium, and is waiting further orders. — Home, occupation, Pacific?

June 11 — Warren still waiting transportation from the hospital in Oakland.

June 22 — Born to Roger and Loretta at Truax Field Hospital, Madison,Wisconsin, a little girl who has been named Victoria Halleck George.

June 24 — Mother and I, Lucie, Johnnie, David and Robbie leave to open Sylvia Lake Cottage.

July 10 — No special news from any of ours in the Service.

July 25 — Centralization defeated in our school by about 200 in a vote of 1100.

August 5 — Shirley, Lucie and very young families return from a 2-weeks vacation at the Dodge cottage at Sylvan Beach.

August 6 — Atomic bomb exploded over Hiroshima with thousands of tragic deaths to the civilian population and destruction to the city.

August 14 — VICTORY OVER JAPAN. This Is V. J. Day.

Japan surrenders and the war is over after more than three years of bitter fighting in the far flung Pacific. General Douglas MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz pursued a relentless campaign against a stubborn enemy right up to the shores of Japan before they gave in to superior strategy, initiative and power.

August 14 — On this, V. J. Day, Mother and I, with Mame and Helen, went to Sylvia Lake and arrived just in time to hear the news of the surrender of Japan as given out simultaneously from Washington, London, Paris, and Moscow.

V. J. Day was a highly emotional outburst from the nation, same as Armistice Day was in World War I, way back when I was stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia, November 11, 1918.

August 30 — On board the battleship, Missouri, in Tokyo harbor, the ceremonies of the Surrender of Japan take place to the Allied Forces under General MacArthur.

September 1 — Mother and I leave by train to visit Roger and Loretta and see their new daughter at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin.

September 18 — Paris, France reports 1600 doctors in the Army Medical Service due for discharge will be speeded home from Europe and the New York Times carries a news item that 1600 Medical Officers will be flown home immediately.

September 18 — John cables that he will be home in 3 days.

September 18 — Another birthday recorded for our daughter, Shirley George Pendell. A big tableful for the birthday cake and the dinner. Present: Shirley, Dick Jr., Lucie, Johnnie, David, Robbie, Helen, Mother and I. Great enthusiam because of now expected homecomings. Absent: Dick, John, Roger, Warren and Billie.

September 24 — John telephones from New Castle, Delaware, at 5 P. M. that he has just arrived from overseas by plane stopping at the Azores and Newfoundland.

September 26 — John arrives home on the Advanced Empire at 1:50 P.M. Welcome home to the first one of our sons from World War II. John has an appointment at Ft. Dix for Saturday, September 29, for routine discharge which will take about 36 hours.

October 1 — Dick arrives in Boston from Italy on the Hagerstown Victory and calls Shirley at noon and again at 8 P. M. He plans to leave for Ft. Dix October 3 for routine discharge.

October 4 — Dick arrives in Rome from Ft. Dix on the 7:29 P. M. train for a short leave before leaving for Ft. Dix again for final discharge. Welcome home for another one of our family and a joyous welcome by Shirley, Barbara and Dick, Jr., as well as all of us.

October 13 — Billie has his Captaincy in his letter from Saipan. All of our five are retiring from the Army as Captains in the Army of the United States and Warren its equivalent, Lieut., Senior Grade, United States Naval Reserve.

October 25 — Throughout the war since John left August 27, 1942, I have carried on all the work in my practice as I did before he came home to help with the work at the end of his internship and residency in Strong Memorial.

Now, today, John is ready to begin where he left off at the beginning of his Service in World War II only at this time he will begin his practice at his new office and home.

All my drugs, medicines, medical and surgical equipment are moved down to his new office.

This might be considered my Swan Song in the practice of medicine but I do not plan it so. I do not plan to give up entirely but do feel free to come and go, as we wish, feeling that the work that I have carried on for 43 years is in capable hands.

November 3 — Mother and I visit Warren and Peg and Warren, Jr. and Bill. This is the first time we have seen Warren since his return from the long list of hospitals where he has been a patient since April 6 on Okinawa. He is looking and feeling fine and is awaiting disposition of his case and ultimate discharge from the Navy.

December 8 — Roger gets his discharge from the Army Medical Service at Truax Field after serving more than 3½ years. So we welcome another son after that long service for his country. Roger will drive with his wife, Loretta, and Roger, Jr. and Victoria to Loretta's mother's home in Oswego, New York.

The John Dean George Jr. family in 1955 — *John D. Jr.; Janet,* 7; *Lucy; John D. III,* 16; *David,* 14; *Robert,* 12.

The Warren Eggleston George family in 1955 — *William,* 11, *Peggy, Virginia* 8, *Warren Sr., Warren Jr.,* 12.

The Richard C. Pendell Family in 1956 — *Shirley, David* 10, *Richard Sr., Barbara* 18, *and Dick Jr.* 16.

December 8 — Billie is on Saipan almost half way around the world.

December 8 — Dick, Shirley, Barbara, and Richard, Jr.have gone on a visit to his mother's home in Saginaw, Michigan. Instead of returning to school work in Norwich, N. Y., he accepts a job with the Dow Chemical Company of Midland, Michigan. So that will be the end of three very happy and companionable years with our daughter, Shirley, and children, Barbara and Richard, Jr.

December 8 — Warren is at St. Albans Hospital, Long Island.

1946

January 4 — Warren returns to his home in Verona for the first time since he left his wife, Peggy, Mother and me at Syracuse that midnight May 24, 1944, for that long eventful wandering over the vast Pacific to that day on Okinawa April 6, 1944, when he was seriously wounded in the left shoulder by a 20 MM shell fired by a lone Japanese flyer probably on a reconnaissance flight. That ended Warren's military service. From that day he has been in many hospitals across the Pacific and in his homeland and is now awaiting his discharge from the service. On this day, January 4, 1946, Roger is home and we drive to Rome to meet Warren on his return home.

January 4 – Warren's leave is only for the day as he must return to Meriden for release from the St. Albans Naval Hospital, Long Island, January 10, 1946 and the Third Naval Retiring Board, Washington, D. C., January 16, 1946.

January 5 – Roger is home canvassing the large cities and towns in our area for a possible favorable place to locate.

January 7 – Roger receives a telephone call from a friend of his offering him the position of Head of the Departments of Obstetrics and Gynecology in the National Permanente Hospital, Vancouver, Washington.

January 7 – Roger accepts and leaves with his Hudson and trailer over the snow and icy roads for the long trip across the continent.

The Roger H. George Family taken in 1955, *Loretta, Vickie,* 10, *Roger and Roger Jr.* 12.

January 13 – Roger arrives in Vancouver, Washington, well qualified by long hospital experience in the Strong Memorial Hospital and more than 3 and 1/2 years in the Army in his chosen specialties to be eminently successful in this responsible position.

January 20 —This leaves our youngest son, Capt. William B. George, the only one now left in the service. Billie is on Saipan and we have many letters of his life on that small island in the Mariannas.

Before he arrived there after bitter fighting, the island was taken from the Japanese and is now under command of an occupation force.

Billie's Infirmary is located high up on this small rocky island a few miles long and fewer miles wide. Just a little way away is Suicide Cliff where the Japanese, rather than surrender, threw themselves off this cliff onto the rocks and into the Pacific many hundreds of feet below.

From this vantage point of their infirmary they could see the big bombers take off for Japan from the level Tinian Islands just a stone's throw from Saipan. This was the first bombing of Japan. Many of these big bombers were leaving every day; some never returned. The round trip was long and hazardous and the enemy alert.

After the surrender of Japan the Army organized the Pacific Army Olympics to be held at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu. The contests were swimming, boxing and golf, and the teams representing each of these contests were from the Mariannas, Japan, Hawaii and the Philippines.

Billie being always a golfer was listed on this program, which I have, as Capt. William B. George, Verona, N. Y. Four thousand miles is a long way to go for a golf game.

Two planes left from the Mariannas. One carrying the swimming team, the other the golfers.

On the way on a take-off from Maguro of the Marshall Islands, the plane carrying the swimmers did not get enough elevation and plunged into the sea one mile from take-off, broke in two, and plunged the swimmers into the ocean. Being excellent swimmers many made their way back to land, even helping the wounded. Billie, in the second plane, landed there for refueling shortly after and then continued on to Pearl Harbor. That night we had a long distance telephone visit with him and he was surprised that we had already heard of the accident to the other plane. The Hawaiian Islands 6,000 miles away seemed just like next door in that short visit we had with our son.

The trip back to Saipan was by ship. To anyone but a soldier a voyage of 4,000 miles would be a pleasure trip but for a soldier going right back 4,000 miles farther from home was no joke.

April 29 — Billie leaves Saipan where he has been for more than a year taking another boat ride of 4,000 miles back again to the Hawaiian Islands.

July 1 — A telegram tonight from Billie saying he has arrived by plane in San Francisco from Honolulu.

He is to be transferred to Ft. Dix where he will probably get a leave so we will be expecting him home in a few days.

July 8 — Billie arrives home — the last one of our five to return safe and well. We are truly thankful for his safe return and for all of our five now home and happy.

July 8 — Billie has a 45-day leave and we take advantage of that leave by boarding a train for Vancouver, Washington, to visit Roger and Loretta, Roger, Jr., 4, and Vicki, 1½.

August 1 — I wrote 2 full pages in my journal of this trip but I must condense it now into a few lines. Everyone was well. Roger's hospital was high above the Columbia River which is a mile wide and has a current of 7 miles per hour at Vancouver. We take the trip up to Bonneville Dam, see the fish ladders where the salmon passing upward reach their spawning ground every year at this time, lay their eggs in the sands and gravel in the quiet of the upper streams and there die as has been their habit for no one knows how long a time.

Here is the great gorge that the mighty Columbia River has cut through the Cascade Mountains in its escape to the sea.

A few years later we traversed this gorge from Pasco, Oregon, to Vancouver on the highway that sometimes dips to the river's edge but more often winds its way on the brink of this chasm one thousand or more feet below, an eerie feeling for the uninitiated.

August 17 — We return home and Billie leaves for Ft. Sam Houston, Texas, and is ordered to return to Ft. Dix for his discharge from the Army. This discharge he receives September 6, 1946 and that night we met him in Utica and that was the last of our family to be out of uniform and out of World War II.

This is my story of World War II as I wrote it down at the time with some interpolations made as I went along with this writing. The chief purpose in writing of these days and dates and time and places and other events is that you may recall the part you took and coordinate it with the part the others of our family took in this great struggle. I hope it will be of interest to you. We are so apt to forget.

Here, in review, is the time of entrance and discharge of our five servicemen.

	ENTRANCE	DISCHARGE
Richard	February 10, 1942	January 30, 1946
Roger	May 18, 1942	December 7, 1945
John	August 27, 1942	October 1, 1945
Warren	September 7, 1943	January 15, 1946
William	October 7, 1944	September 6, 1946

I had no idea of coordinating these items chronologically as I have now done, of the call to service, of the departure, of the long months of training and duty on land and sea and of the long years of separation from home and family.

I realize that my story as I have followed it along would not be at all complete. So I have asked each one of my sons to give me some of the high spots of their service in this great world struggle.

And so here they are condensed and appended as they wrote them down.

I — John leaves New York late in December 1944 and arrives in Wales January 1, 1945. Thence through England to Glasgow, Scotland and Paris to take command of his hospital train in January 1945.

He says: "What impressed me most was the round of new sights and experiences throughout all the large cities of France and Belgium and the Rhineland as we transported the sick and wounded from hospital to hospital or from hospitals to the Port of Cherbourg and especially the busiest time after the Battle of the Bulge. The path of war followed the railroads and there the destruction by bombings was greatest."

Among some of the highlights of John's account was the litter of abandoned vehicles and equipment of both sides in every field and town in Normandy and the complete destruction of the city of Caen; the complete destruction of every bridge in France north and east of Paris where his train went over and also along the Rhone Valley, Germany and the Netherlands.

V. E. Day in Paris where the people marched and sang and danced for joy all night long . . . the rendezvous in the skies overhead of 1,000 bombers for a raid on some Rhineland city, probably Cologne or Frankfort . . . The complete destruction of the cities of western Germany particularly Pforzheim and Ulm. Cities the size of Rome were given the one raid treatment of 1,000 bombers — complete devastation.

John notes many other interesting items, the sights of Paris, the cathedrals, the fortifications of the Maginot Line, the crossing of the mighty Rhine, the Champagne Caves of Rheims, the dumb French engineers of his train, his train wreck, the three-weeks stay in Ghent, Belgium, rooming with a Belgian family, trips to Munich and Marseille, and finally the trip home by plane from Paris to Wilmington, Delaware September 24, 1945.

II — Of Roger's leaving for Langley Field, Virginia that May 16, 1942 Mother and I have distinct remembrances. Family ties were unbroken until then. Misty eyes for all of us and Roger getting into his car that morning, at the back door, almost as it seemed as casually as he had done a thousand times before from boyhood up and driving away into the Army. We remember this just as we have the others when they went away.

Roger's long service of more than 3½ years was naturally confined to the United States. The obstetrical and gynecological work for the wives of officers and army personnel was a continuous and heavy problem throughout the war.

These tasks were unrelieved by spectacular events but were of great importance in maintaining the health and happiness of the married in the Army Service.

Roger was commissioned as First Lieutenant in the Army of the United States Air Force and his station was at Langley Field, Virginia.

He had leave in July, 1942, and was married at Oswego, New York July 25 to Loretta Halleck. This was an important event in the lives of Loretta and Roger and to them during the war were born their two children, Roger, Jr., at Langley Field, Virginia, May 30, 1943 and Victoria Halleck at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin, June 22, 1945.

Roger attended the Air Force Flight Surgeons' School at Randolph Field, Texas, May 19, 1944 and the Flight Surgeons' Tactical Course at Orlando, Florida, May 5, 1945 and received his discharge from the Army December 8, 1945.

III – Warren has written me the details of those long wanderings over the Pacific – twice across the Equator and back and at last on Okinawa with a 20 MM shell in his shoulder and half-way around the world from home.

August 1, 1944 Warren left his station at Camp Pendleton, California and went on board the USS Matanikan arriving at Espirito Santos August 27, 1944, arriving at Guadalcanal August 29, 1944. From Guadalcanal he proceeded by plane with the III Corps Medical Battalion, III Amphibious Corps to Guam arriving there September 11, stopping on the way at Tarawa, Makin, Majuro, Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Saipan, and the Tinian Islands.

He then left by ship October 15, 1944 on the SS Caleno back again to Guadalcanal arriving October 26. Warren stayed on Guadalcanal until early in 1945 when they took off for the campaign against Okinawa.

On March 22, 1945 they arrived at Ulithi in the Caroline Islands, the mighty concentration point of the fleets of the Pacific. From there they moved rapidly on Okinawa, April 1, 1945, where Warren was wounded April 6th.

He was evacuated on the Hospital Ship 'Comfort' to Guam, thence to Aiea, T. H., U. S. Naval Hospital and thence on May 30, 1945 flown to U. S. Naval Hospital, Oakland, California, arriving there May 31. From there he went to U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, California. On June 20 he left the San Diego Hospital for the U.S. Convalescent Hospital at Harriman, New York.

He was then transferred to the U. S. Naval Hospital, October 16, 1945, at St. Albans, Long Island. Detached from the St. Albans Naval Hospital January 10, 1946, and reported to the Third Naval Hospital Retiring Board January 16, 1946, and officially released from the Navy June 10, 1946 and home at last.

IV – Dick's letter of his service in World War II was noted for its brevity. So I will fill in some important details of the long service in North Africa and Italy in the bitter campaigns in wresting North Africa from the Germans and Italians and the desperate resistance of the Germans from being driven out of Italy.

With Co. B, 101st Military Police Battalion, he landed in North Africa at Casablanca January 25, 1943 and joined General Mark Clark's 5th Army Headquarters in February, 1943. He took part in the seaborne invasion of Italy landing under heavy fire at Salerno Beach, Italy, September 10, 1943.

After several days of furious fighting a beachhead was established there and from that time throughout the northern push through Italy, the responsibility of the 61st Military Police Company which he commanded, was the safety of General Mark Clark's 5th Army Headquarters.

He received his Captaincy personally from General Mark Clark. He stood honor guard for King George VI of England; Winston Churchill; James V. Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy; Clement Attlee; Henry L. Stinson; Crown Prince Umberto and many others. He also entertained Joseph McNary and Viscount Alexander commander of all British forces at Balzano, Italy. And many of these dignitaries were personally conducted in his jeep through the headquarters area.

He received four Battle Stars for the Italian Campaign, one Bronze Star Medal, Italian decoration by King Umberto, letters of commendation by French Commanding General and by General Mark Clark and General Truscott.

He arrested and transported to a prisoner-of-war camp General Vietenhoff, Commanding General of all German Forces in Italy. He saw and visited many of the cities of Italy and had a very active three years and more of service and was the author, while in Service of a very interesting volume, "The History of the 61st Military Police Company, December 1, 1943 - December 1, 1944."

He arrived in the United States October 1, 1945 and received his final discharge January 30, 1946.

V — Of Billie's service before leaving for the Pacific, I have given the stations where he was located temporarily. He left Seattle on a very rough voyage for Honolulu, "a rough trip for a Central New York sailor," he states. He was located there at a replacement depot near Schofield Barracks. March 31st he boarded a plane at Hickam Field for an unknown destination — stopping at Kwajalein, landing on Guam April 1, 1945, and then to Saipan, a one-hour ride from Guam.

He was assigned to the dispensary at Headquarters, W. P. B. C., which was his permanent duty station. Saipan had just been taken over by the American Naval Service from the Japanese after fiercest resistance by them. Billie states that at first life was rugged there . . . "We slept in wind and rain-swept tents, on army cots, ate dehydrated everything, wore clothes washed in our helmets, showered under an old drum of cold rain water."

"Civilization finally came to Saipan accompanied by good food, drink and lodgings. The duties were half work and half play. The high spot was the trip back to the Pacific Olympics in Honolulu to participate in the golf tournament after the war, with cellulitis in my feet I was crippled and able to qualify only at the last moment and naturally did poorly at that, 84-85."

Then back to Saipan on a good ship and May saw the end of duty on that island. Then the start home on a bed-bug infested Army transport to Pearl Harbor and a short tour of duty and a visit to the big island of Hawaii thrown in and then a flight from Hickam Air Field to California landing at Fairfield June 30, 1946.

And lastly what of those who were left behind? . . . Long days and weeks and months and years of waiting and hoping and praying just as has been the case in every war since time began.

I believe I must tell you something of the inner life of our family from childhood through adolescence, in fact, all through our lives.

I haven't written this before because I might be accused of being too idealistic, but recently it was brought to my attention by one who lived with us a great deal of vacation time that she never knew of a family where love and kindness remained through the years, that our lives went along in an even tenor year after year.

Gravest punishment in childhood days was 5 to 15 minutes sitting in a chair, not in another room, not beyond the range of vision. There never was any bodily punishment in our family.

I do not mean by this to say that there were no tantrums or spats or firey flareups. On the contrary there were some who were quick on the trigger and explosive as normal children should be but we had a loyal family of children, loyal to each other and loyal to their father and mother.

We have been scolded and advised many times by our children for not doing some of the things that would be for our care and welfare but in all these years neither their mother nor I have received an unkind word, lack of courtesy or disrespect from our children and that holds good today as it has from the beginning of our family life.

Of course we have had our worries and cares but through love and understanding we have passed safely along the path to happiness with our children.

The entire George family including 14 grandchildren help celebrate the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. George on June 8, 1954

June 8, 1954 was our Golden Wedding Anniversary at our home in Verona. Our entire family was present at this festive occasion and we had dinner at home at noon with our family of 26. John, Lucie, John III, David, Robert and Janet from Verona; Roger, Loretta, Roger, Jr., and Victoria from Vancouver, Wash.; Warren, Margaret, Warren, Jr., William and Virginia from Rochester; Shirley, Richard, Barbara, Richard, Jr., and David from Midland, Mich.; and William, Mary, Susan and Catherine from Rochester, N. Y.

In the evening there was open house to all our relatives, friends and patients of mine for many years at which we received several hundred guests.

Fifty years of marriage were celebrated by Dr. and Mrs. J. D. George on June 8, 1954.

There were golden cards by the hundreds, golden presents and golden memories on this happy anniversary in our lives.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. George Sr., cutting the cake on their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Linking our generations together we find that in the . . . . . .

George Family		
I — Moses George, Sr.	married	Name Unknown
II — Moses George, Jr.	married	Annie Page
III — Page George	married	Maria Storms
IV — John Brodhead George	married	Martha Ann Peck
V — John Dean George	married	Maude Luana Eggleston

Brodhead Family		
I — Daniel Brodhead	married	Ann Tye
II — Richard Brodhead	married	Wyntie Jansen
III — Daniel Brodhead	married	Hester Wyngart
IV — John Brodhead	married	Mary Davis
V — Elizabeth Brodhead	married	William Storms
VI — Maria Storms	married	Page George
VII — John Brodhead George	married	Martha Ann Peck
VIII — John Dean George	married	Maude Luana Eggleston

Storms Family

I – James Storms	married	Mary Name Unknown
II – William Storms	married	Elizabeth Brodhead
VI – Maria Storms	married	Page George
IV – John Brodhead George	married	Martha Ann Peck
V – John Dean George	married	Maude Luana Eggleston

Peck Family

I – Joseph Peck	married	Rebecca Clark
II – Joseph Peck	married	Name Unknown
III – Jathaniel Peck	married	Sarah Smith
IV – Ichabod Peck	married	Judith Paine
V – Ichabod Peck	married	Lydia Wolcott
VI – Ichabod Peck, Jr.	married	Mary Dean
VII – Alexander Dean Peck	married	Elizabeth Hollett
VIII – Martha Ann Peck	married	John Brodhead George
IX – John Dean George	married	Maude Luana Eggleston

Eggleston Family

I – Bigod Eggleston	married	Name Unknown
II – James Eggleston	married	Hester – Unknown
III – Isaac Eggleston	married	Anna Browning
V – Asa Eggleston, Sr.	married	Jeanne Eggleston
V – Asa Eggleston, Jr.	married	Content Hadsall
VI – John M. Eggleston	married	Luana Seaver Clark
VII – Richmond H. Eggleston	married	Mary Ann Fitzgerald
VIII – Maude Luana Eggleston	married	John Dean George

FIVE FAMILY WAR SERVICE RECORD

Daniel Brodhead	Colonial War
Benjamin Waite	Revolutionary and Colonial War
Ichabod Peck, Sr.	Revolutionary War
Ichabod Peck, Jr.	Revolutionary War
Moses George, Sr.	Revolutionary War
Moses George, Jr.	Revolutionary War
Asa Eggleston, Jr.	Revolutionary War
William Storms	War of 1812
John Brodhead George	Civil War
John Dean George	World War I
John Dean George, Jr.	World War II
Roger Hollett George	World War II
Warren Eggleston George	World War II
William Brodhead George	World War II
Richard Crego Pendell	World War II

To those who are in kinship with the Peck, Brodhead, Eggleston or Waite families, they are eligible to become members of the D.A.R., S. A. R. and kindred organizations.

Birth, marriage, and death records of Revolutionary days of the George lineage could not be obtained at this writing. Further research is advised.

Following the war and 2 years residencies in Strong Memorial Hospital by Billie comes another red-letter day in our family when on April 10, 1948, Mary Catherine Mills, daughter of Gregory Furlong Mills, born May 2,

The William B. George family in 1955 — *Mary Elizabeth,* 1; *Susan,* 4; *Catherine* 2; *Mary; William*

1896, and Eloise Anna DeYoung, born Nov. 29, 1903, is married to William Brodhead George, son of Dr. and Mrs. John D. George of Verona, N. Y.

The ceremony took place in a beautiful setting of flowers at the altar of All Saints Episcopal Church, Rochester, N. Y. and was performed by the Rev. Ernest K. Nicholson, Rector of the Church.

The bride is a graduate of Cazenovia Junior College and the groom of Colgate University and the University of Rochester School of Medicine.

And where is our family today at the printing of this volume?

John, Lucie and 4 children in Verona, N. Y. John in General Practice and Surgery.

Roger and Loretta and 2 children in Vancouver, Washington. Roger in Obstetrics and Gynecology.

Warren and Margaret and their 3 children in Rochester, N.Y. Warren in Plastic Surgery.

Shirley and Dick and their 3 children in Midland, Michigan operating the Pendell Publishing Company and joint owners of the Ford Press — the printers of this volume.

Billie and Mary and their 3 children in Rochester, N. Y. Billie in the practice of Internal Medicine.

And now I must close this writing of our families. These long years of research has brought to me, and I hope it will to you who are in kinship with these families, great satisfaction to know to whom you own your being and from whence you came.

This research has taken many years and the information is complete and authentic through generation after generation and in many cases several hundred years.

It is a source of great satisfaction to know that through the years — and centuries, we have a goodly heritage.

The George Family — 1954

Front Row — Mrs. John D. Sr., Dr. John D. Sr., Mrs. Shirley G. Pendell
Back Row — Dr. William B. George, Dr. Roger H. George, Dr. John D. George, Jr.
Dr. Warren E. George

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